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The Irish Exiles.

BY MARTIN MAC DERMOTT.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by
the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is pour'd—wine,
melody, and mirth!
When friends long absent, tell, low-toned, their
joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips
meet lips once more.
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would say—
"Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles far away!"

Alas, for them! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er;
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the West,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his couched crest;
But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray.
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles far away!

It was—oh! how the heart will cheat! because they thought, beyond
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts were fond;
And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye—
And through each breast pour'd many a thought that filled it like a sigh!
'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles far away!

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid.
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer rose,
And patriot souls forgot their grief, to weep for Erin's woes;
And, oh! but the warm vows were breathed, that come what might or may,
They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles far away!

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers met,
The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget;
They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless them!" and they gave,
"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave!"
Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip—hurrah!
Drank—*Erin slantha gal go bragh!* those exiles far away.

Then, oh! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
Like gushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—
Oh! don't those old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away!

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these strains—
Tired wanderers! who sought repose through Europe's battle plains—
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in storms—
They fell—and *human* whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms!
No shroud but glory wrapped them round; nor prayer, nor tear had they—
Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles far away!

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were lost—
How he, too, pined, to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined, to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to stay—
Alas! it is so sad to be an exile far away!

Then, oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more—
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice would say—
Think—think on those who weep to-night—poor exiles, far away!

THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

[CONTINTED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER V.

Be still, oh, north wind; howl not at the iron-bound lattice; she hears not thee. Blinding snow, sweep not in such mad gusts over the mountain thou canst not dim her eyes and freeze her heart more than an inward anguish has already effected. If Hermolin dwelt among the rose-bowers of Provence, instead of the chill, ghostly halls of Viking, there would be the same icy burden on her soul—the same dark shadow over all things on which her eyes look. The heart makes its own sunshine—its own eternal gloom.

The Jarl's bride was alone. Even that day he had left her on the threshold of the palace, and the envious eye of the wondering Norse hand-maidens had been the only welcome in her husband's halls. Through those halls she glided like a wandering spirit, shrinking from their ghastly grandeur, that filled her young soul with fear. The white-tusked spoils of the bear-hunters seemed to grin like evil spirits from the walls; and as she passed by the empty armor of many a departed Viking, spectral shapes appeared to creep within it, until beneath the vacant helm glittered fiery eyes, and shadowy hands formed themselves out of the air, wielding the ungrasped spear. Hermolin shivered with terror; her limbs moved heavily; her eyes dared not lift themselves from the ground.

One sun-beam from that bright, beloved face and the horrible phantom would have fled like dreams. But it came not, Hermolin reached her chamber, and was alone. Ringing through the long corridor, she heard the laughter of her retreating maiden-train; she listened while they mocked at the terrors of the Jarl's young bride, and said how much fitter had been a fearless Norse maiden, than a poor shrinking child from the south, to tread the halls of the son of Hialmar.

Hermolin's cheek flushed, and her terror changed to pride—not for herself, but for him.

"They shall never say the wife of Olof is afraid—I will be strong—I will teach my heart to beat, as it were, with the bold northern blood. My Olof, thou shall not blush for me."

But still the young cheek blanched at the shrieks which seemed to mingle in the tempestuous blast, and still, when the blazing fagots cast fantastic shapes on the walls, Hermolin started and trembled. Hour after hour passed and Olof came not. Her fears melted into sorrow, and she poured forth the tears of an aching and lonely heart.

Wild storm of the north, howl over that poor broken flower, but thou canst not wither the life-fluid which will yet make its leaves green, and its blossoms fair—the essence of its being—its hope—its strength—its enduring love.

Still, as ever, alone, Hermolin retraced the gloomy halls, as she glided, like a spirit of light come to re-animate the dead, past the mailed shadows, that kept memorial watch over the Viking's halls, with her faint gleaming lamp, and her floating hair, which every blast seemed to lift with a spirit hand.

Led by the distant sound of voices, Hermolin came to the festive hall. Her terror-stricken fancy had pictured Olof in the storm; his stalwart frame paralyzed; his gold hair mingling with the snow-wreaths, and death—a terrible death—stealing over him. But as she stood in the shadow-hung entrance, Hermolin saw her lord. He sat among his warriors, the blithest of all, quaffing many a cup of sparkling mead, his laugh ringing loud, but still musical; and his beautiful face resplendent with mirth and festive gaity.

But for the first time its sunshine fell on Hermolin all joylessly. There was a deadly coldness at her heart, which no power could take away. Her lips murmured a thanksgiving that Olof was safe; but no smile sealed the joyful amen of the orison. Silently as she came she glided away, and the sinner knew new not how near him, yet all unregarded, had passed the angel's wing.

When Hermolin re-entered her chamber, there rose up from one corner a dark shadow. Soon it formed itself into the likeness of humanity, and confronted the young bride—a woman, not yet aged, but with iron-grey locks and deeply furrowed brow. Suddenly as the thought of a terrible dream gone by, that wild face, those piercing eyes, rushed upon Hermolin's memory. It was the remembrance which had been the haunting terror of her childhood—the face of Ulva.

The nurse bent in a half mocking courtesy to Olof's wife.

"Welcome my lady from the south, whose vacant chamber I have dared to enter," said Ulva. "Perchance she likes it not; but it is too late now."

"My lord's home is ever pleasant in his wife's eyes," answered Hermolin, striving to impart strength and dignity to her trembling frame.

"It is well," said the nurse, "But the southern lady should know that it is not our custom for the wife of a noble Jarl to steal like a thief about the halls late at night, and that the northern heroes admit no women to their feasts. The young Olof's eyes had darted angry lightnings, had he known his bride intruded so near.

Hermolin shrunk from the loud and fierce tones of the Norsewoman. But while pressing her clasped hands on her breast, she felt Ulrika's cross. It gave her strength, for it carried her thoughts back from the desolate present to the pure and holy past; and from the remembered convent shrine lifted them up heavenwards as prayers. Then she turned to Ulva and said, in that sweet meekness which bears with it unutterable weight.

"I am a stranger and I know thee not. But I love my lord, and all that are his; therefore I forgive these discourteous words to Olof's wife. Now I would rest and be alone."

As a spirit of evil steals from the light so Ulva crept from the presence of Hermolin and the young wife was once more alone.

No, not alone, though she sank prostrate on the floor, and laid her young brow on the cold stone, not even a silent lifting up of the eyes showing whither the heart fled in its desolation. Yet that stone was a Bethel-pillow, and there the angel-winged prayers and angel-footed blessings ascended and descended between her and God. There for the first time arose up from those heathen halls the voice of thanksgiving. The wild blast came and bore away amidst its thunder the sweet echoes of the Virgin's vesper hymn, they floated upwards towards the snow-mountains, music clouds of incense, that marked the consecration of that wild land. And far above the loud organ voice of the south, with its thousand altars and myriad orisons, arose from the desolate north the clear, low tone of one woman's earnest, loving prayer.

Then it seemed as though the holy ones who minister unseen to man, came and kissed her eyes into a sleep as deep and peaceful as that of the babe Hermolin on the breast of Ulrika. A veil was drawn over her senses and the sounds of the storm without, as the noisy revel within, melted to the sweetest music, and became a wonderous dream.

Beside her couch, in the spot where Hermolin's fast-closing eyes had watched the first glimmer of the storm-hidden moon, the light gathered and grew, until it became a face. Pale it was, and sad; with damp, wave-bedewed hair, such as we picture the airy shades of those over whom the billows sweep; but the eyes looked out with a sweet, human yearning, and the fair lips smiled with a mournful tenderness. Hermolin beheld without fear, for over the spirit-beauty of that face was cast an earthly likeness she knew well, and in her dream all that she had by chance heard concerning the mother of Olof grew clear to her. Not with human voice did the vision speak, but it seemed that the soul of the dead overshadowed the sleeping soul of the living, and taught it the wisdom of the spirit land. Now Hermolin saw how it was that the flower had withered because it had not root—that the spirit had drooped because there was no indwelling love to be its life; and she learned more of love's nature—that its strength is in itself—that it stretches not forth its arms, saying, "Bless me, as I would fain bless—I give, therefoe let me receive;" but it draws its light from its own essence, and pours it out in a sun-shine flood, surrounding and interpenetrating the beloved with radiance, as the sun the earth, from which it asks no answering brightness, save the faint reflection of that which itself has given.

And while yet was present in her dream the pale shadow of the joyless wife, whom not even mother-bliss could keep from the land of peace, for which the broken spirit yearned, Hermolin looked towards her own future, and grew strong.

"I love, therefore I can endure all—can do all," was the resolution that shot like a sunbeam through the sleeper's soul; and at the moment a ministering angel looked into that soul, changing the proud, yet noble resolved into the humblest of prayer—"*I will*; O God help me!"

Then the pale spirit seemed to rejoice with exceeding gladness, while mingling with her divine joy, a human mother-love made it still more sublime and tender. And, behold! there stood beside her another soul, whose dark-glorious orbs were added to their earth-likeness, the beauty of eyes which have looked on God. And, the mortal semblance not utterly taken away, but exalted into that perfection which the smile of divinity creates out of very dust, Hermolin knew in her spirit it was Ulrika.

Then bending together over the sleeper, the mother souls kissed her brow and fled.

Lift up thy voice again, O north wind, whose wings have been the airy chariots of God's messenger—lift up thy voice once more but let it be in a grand, solemn, God-like hymn, such as should arise from the land of snows, and rifting through the sublime, harmonious cloud, let there be a sun-burst of divine melody, sweet as an angle's smile, telling of love—eternal love—its strength, its holiness, its long-suffering, its omnipotence—love which dwells in humanity, as its life, its essence, its soul—*is* God.

CHAPTER VI.

Beyond the sea-coast, the abode of the race of Hialmar, arises a giant mountain; pine-forests, huge and dark, clothe its foot; above them tower the grey masses of bare rock, and higher still comes the region of eternal snows. There sits the spirit of white Death, sublime in beautiful desolation; and over it the stars creep, solemn and never-wearied watchers throughout the perpetual night. It is a land of silence, without movement, without life. Beneath a vast plain, whereon no trees wave, above a dull-grey sky, over which not a cloud is seen to float, earth and heaven mock each other in terrible tranquility, and the wind steels between them, viewless as themselves for there is nought to interrupt its path.

Lo! there is one trace of life on this land of death—one bold footstep marks the snow—one proud head lifts itself fearlessly up towards the leaden sky. The spirit that guides them is a woman's—one of the most daring of the daughters of the north. Alone, Ulva ascends through forest and rock, to that desolate snow plain, to ask counsel of the only living soul who inhabits the mountain—the priestess of the Nornir.

Ulva reached the verge of the plain where Svenska had formed her dwelling. It was said that the priestess of the Nornir needed human sustenance, and that she made her couch among the snows, and that from the time when two stray bear hunters found the maiden babe lying on the white plain, she had abode there, a daughter of the unknown world.

And in truth, when Ulva stood before her, the likeness of the priestess was not unbefitting her supposed descent. Even with the spiritual beauty of her form, the dweller

among the snows was of a presence that harmonized with the pallid desolation around. Life seemed to flow all bloodlessly beneath the marble frame; the features, still and colorless, were almost ghastly in their motionless and perfect beauty. The pale yellow hair fell down in stirless masses, and the drapery moved as she moved, and gathering round her with white spectral folds and floating without a sound, as snowy clouds over a southern sky.

Ulva fell at her feet, and gazed at her with a strange mingling of religious adoration and human love. Then the pale lips unclosed to answer and to exhort; and the whole snow-statue became the inspired priestess. Long they talked—the woman of earth and the daughter of solitudes; and their speech was of the new, strange worship that was creeping upon Odin's land, after the foot-steps of the southern maid, who had been brought into the halls of Hialmar.

"I see it coming," cried Ulva passionately, "The shapeless horror has its foot already on the threshold of the Viking. Already Olof wars no more, but siteth idly by the hearth and listens to southern tales from the whining lips of Hermolin. Even now the mead-cup and the meats due to Odin are given to the throats of sick beggars, whom our fathers suffered not to cumber earth! And my lord Olof, the babe that I reared, hears it said that the god of his fathers are false, and pardons the accursed lie, because it come from fair lips. Oh, priestess, to whom, if thou art the daughter of the gods, I have given year by year at least somewhat of mortal nurture, until the child I loved has grown up the sacred maiden I adore—holy Svenska, give me counsel! How shall I tread out in the dust this growing fire—how save from defilement the worship of Odin?"

Sevenska lifted her face to the east, where, out of the darkeness, were beginning to shoot the starry battalions which light upon northern skies. Then she said "Follow," and began to traverse the snow with almost winged speed.

At last Ulva and her guide stood on the apex of the mountain!—there three peaks lifted themselves up—the utmost boundary of the visible world; beyond, all was nothingness. The peculiar idealization of Norse-worship, which in the grandest and most fearful objects of nature found its divinities, had symbolized in these giant rocks the three Nornir, or destinies, Udr, Verthandi, and Skulld. As they stood out against the cold, gray sky, imagination might have traced in each a vague outline, somewhat resembling a female form, beneath the shadowy veil of snow, which no human hand could ever lift. Thus, in these solemn shapes, abiding between earth and heaven, it was not strange that their worshipper's should see the emblems of the rulers of human destinies, until at last, as in all symbolized faiths, the myrtle and its outward type became one.

Svenska lifted up her voice, and it rang through the still, ice-bound air like a clarion—

"There is a spirit arising in Odin's land, and ye fear its might. The priest trembles beneath the temple's shadow, and the warrior's hand grows palsied upon the spear. Shall it grow up like a darkness over the shrines of our gods and the graves of our fathers? Skulld, far-seer into the future, answer?"

But there was silence over all.

Svenska bowed herself to the ground, and then said—

"It is vain! From north to south, from east to west, between heaven and sky, float the threads which the Nornir weave. They are there, encompassing us continually, and yet we see them not. We walk with our heads aloft, but it is they who guide us; our minds may will but it is they who control our minds. Therefore, hear my counsel, though it speaks not with an airy voice, but with a woman's tongue."

"I hear—I obey." answered Ulva, tremblingly.

"There are two spirits which govern man—ambition and love. The first is ever strongest except in those pure and noble natures which seem less human than divine. Let the sound of battle rouse the young Viking from his dream. Let him dye the seas purple with his enemies' blood, and then Odin will be appeased. The fierce shout of northern victory will drown the beguiling whisper of a false woman's lips, and the son of Hialmar will rejoice again in the bold faith of his fathers."

* * * * * * *

News came to Jarl Olof, that the King of Upsala was about to fall upon him with fire and sword. How the rumor reached him, the young Viking knew not, and for a long time he scarcely heeded it, but sunned himself in the placid, tender smile, that day by day was melting the frost off his stern northern heart—the smile of Hermolin. But then, as time passed on, the nurse, Ulva, ever seemed to stand between the husband and wife. Olof shrank from the bitterness of the proud, mocking eye, which had exercised a strange influence over him from his childhood, and sometimes, too, her tongue cast out its sharp, pointed stings, even among the honey-words which she still used towards the son of her care.

When the spring came on, the young Viking yearned for his olden life of free warfare., He would fain forestall the taunts of the King of Upsala, and requite his unreasoning words with deeds; and though Hermolin shuddered at her lord's danger, and prayed him not to enter on a sinful and causeless war, still he refused to harken. And so the sails were set, the vessel danced over the waters, and Hermolin was left to the bitterness of that first parting. A parting it was, not like that when soul is knitted unto soul, toiling in true faith and love, through distance and absence, and time—nay, even through that life-severance which drops the veil of immortality between flesh and spirit—but it was a separation when a few leagues, a few weeks, are sundrance enough to blot out the past, and form a bar between the two to which the perfect bond of union is unknown. Therefore, when Hermolin saw her lord's ship fade like a spec upon the seas, it seemed as though the first dawning dream of Olof's affection faded too, and she became overwhelmed with the burthen of lonely love.

Oh, meek woman's heart, content with so little and giving so much, who shall requite thee? Yet what guerdon needest thou to whom the act of loving is alone bliss, and hope and strength? Go on thy way, thou true one, and wait until the end.

The Viking's ship returned in triumph, laden with prey. Hermolin, when she flew to her lord and nestled in his breast, shedding joyful tears, forgt all but the bliss of Olof restored to her love. She sat with him in his hall of state while he appropriated the spoil, and decided the fortunes of the captives; and while the duty pained her gentle heart, and almost wrung her conscience, Hermolin strove to stifle all other feelings for the love she bore to him, and comport herself in every thing as became the wife of the great northern Jarl.

Among the captives was a man, who, standing behind the rest, directed every glance of his piercing eyes towards the Viking's wife. Chains weighed down his small spare limbs, and his frame was worn and wasted; yet still the lightnings of those wonderous eyes glittered above the ruins made by time. At last the prisoners were dismissed—all but this man. Olof glanced carelessly at him; but Hermolin beheld only the face of her lord, until the stern reply to Jarl's question attracted her notice.

"My name, wouldst thou, son of Hialmar? Ask thy wife; she knows it well, if her heart has not lost its home-memories, as her tongue its southern speech. Hermolin, are thine eyes too proud to look upon Ansgarius?"

Trembling, half with fear and half with joy, Hermolin sprang forward, and would have fallen at his feet, but Olof restrained her.

"Child, what is this rude beggar to thee? Thou forgettest thyself," he said.

Break, struggling heart, whom fearful love makes weaker still! What shouldst thou do? Helplessly, Hermolin sank back, and hid her face from the eyes of the monk.

"Is it even so?" cried Ansgarius. "Then may the curse ———"

But while the terrible words were yet half-formed, he caught Hermolin's wild, imploring glance, and saw that, half hidden beneath the robe, her fingers closed desparingly over Ulrika's cross.

"God judge thee, I dare not," he added more softly, in the Provencal tongue. "Oh, daughter of my love that I should meet thee with almost a curse on my lips! But no! it shall be a blessing—it must be, thou child of many prayers!"

The softened tone, the long-forgotten tongue, pierced the heart of the Jarl's wife. She sank on her knees and sobbed. Olof looked at her, half wondering, half angrily.

"Forgive me, my lord, my beloved! But this man's speech is that of my own far land, and it makes me weep," she answered.

"As thou wilt, as thou wilt," answered Olof coldly; "but thy tears should flow alone. Prisoner, leave the hall."

And as the followers of the Viking removed Ansgarius, the Jarl strode carelessly from his wife's presence, without another glance at her drooping and grief-stricken form.

"Oh, Mother of Mercies!" cried Hermolin, "did I pray for this joyful day and my lord's return, and lo!-it is a time of bitterness and woe! And thou, the strong-hearted, bold-tongued, thou wilt be slain, Ansgarius, it may be by the hand of my Olof! Holy Mother of Consolation, all is darkness before me! I faint! I die! Oh, guide me through the gloom!"

Wait, thou tried and paitent one. "At evening-tide it shall be light;" wait and pray.

Olof sat at night, dreaming alone over the fire-light in his hall, when he heard the voice of Ulva whispering in his ear—

"Is the Jarl sleeping while his wife is opening the prison doors? Why should my Lord Olof waste his strength and shed his blood to take captives, when the Lady Hermolin sets them free?"

Olof, half roused from his slumber, spoke angrily—

"Ulva, hold thy peace! Hermolin is asleep in the chamber."

"Come and see," and the nurse, strong in her influence, led Olof to his wife's deserted room.

"A loving welcome for a long absent lord!" said the sneering voice; "and it was no pale vision I saw gliding, lamp in hand, until it entered the prison of the southern captive, at the sight of whom she wept this morn, as I heard from her maidens."

"Woman!" thundered Olof, "one word more against my pure wife, and I slay thee with this hand. It was a priest, a vowed, grey-headed priest of her faith."

"And therefore thou wilt save him from death and load him with honors! Son of Hilamar, on thy father's tomb the phantom light burns yet, but thick darkness will fall over thine. Hialmar was the last of Odin's heroes; Olof will sing psalms in the Christian's heaven."

"Never!" cried the young Jarl. "To the prison that the priest may meet his doom?"

Silently and stealthily as death, Olof and Ulva entered; and the keeper of the dungeon looking on his chief's face of stern resolve, prayed Odin to save from harm that gentle southern lady whom all reverenced and obeyed—knowing how pure and meek she was, and how dearly she loved her lord.

Hermolin was standing before Ansgarius. He awoke from his calm, holy sleep, and thought it had been the presence of an angel. But when she knelt at his feet weeping, and lifted up the mournful Esau-like cry—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"—then the stern missionary knew it was the child whom he had taught, the young soul whom he had trained for the great work for which he believed it chosen.

"And God may fulfil that destiny yet, since thou hast not belied thy faith even among the heathen," said Ansgarius, when he had listened to her life's history, since she left the shores of Provence. "He may turn even this darkness into light. Heaven works not as we. When the good King Louis of France sent me to Upsala, the glad bearer of the holy cross, I thought it was Heaven's call and I went. And when thy lord's vessel took us captive on the seas, I bowed my head and said, "God knoweth best. It may be that he leads me where the furrows are ripest for the seed, and therefore, even here, in this dark prison, I rejoice to sing for joy."

"But if danger should come, if thy blood should be poured out upon this wild land?"

"It will be but as the early rain to soften the hard ground," said Ansgarius, with a calm smile. "And God will find himself another and a worthier husbandman, to follow after, and plant, and water, until the land be filled with increase."

So talked the son of Ulrika. O, blessed mother, whose prayers had thus brought forth such glorious fruit! And then, all unconscious of the presence of others, the two knelt down in the prison, like the saints of old, and prayed. The strong, fearless man of faith, the meek and gentle woman, were types of the two foundations on which the early church was laid—the spirit of holy boldness and the spirit of love!

Ulva and the son of Hilamar stood silent and motionless in the darkness and heard

Then Hermolin arose, and Olof's name ca to her lips with a heavy sigh.

"My heart is sore even to deceive thus," she said. "I would not, save for t Mut it ever be so, that my faith to He must war with the dear love I bear my lo my true—my noble Olof.

Ansgarius looked surprised; his str heart, engrossed in one life-purpose, had room for human love. He understood it Even Hermolin had been to him only the strument wherewith to work out his end.

"Dost thou love him so?" he said, in a passionate tone. "Poor child—happier those who give Heaven all. Now, my da ter, leave me to pray. Who knoweth soon death may come from the hands of t godless men?"

Hermolin threw herself on the groun his feet. "Oh, my father, my father, shalt not die," was her agonized cry. thou wouldst fly, the night is dark—my sleeps."

Ansgarius turned round, and fixed upon his gaze of stern reproof.

"A wife deceives her husband—a Ch tian dare not confess to bis God. Is it this that we brought the cross into the la

"No, no," Hermolin said—"thou must and God will protect thee, O, my father! —my Olof—I love thee—I trust thee—I pray night and day that this sin may be from thy soul."

And while Hermolin called on her l name, Olof came forward and stood be them both. His face was very pale, but t was in it a beauty and a softness that re bled the young saint of the convent. His sence caused no fear, only an awe-struck lence. Then Olof spoke—

"Priest, I brought this sword to drink life's blood. I lay it now at thy feet. It not be said that the son of Odin was less ble than his Christian foe. Hermolin!"

She sprank to his arms—she clung t and they folded round her as in that first brace when the young bridegroom stood a convent gate; and Hermolin felt that eve wild devotion of the maiden was nothing the fulness of the wife's love.

The prison doors closed on the retrea footsteps of three. But there was one stayed behind, unnoticed in the dark gnashing her teeth, and cursing the day a Christian foot first entered Odin's land.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

RUSSIAN COMMERCE.—We have already nounced that the Russian Government authorized the formation of a trading pany, under the title of "the Society o Amoor," whose object it is to develop th dustrial and commercial capabilities of great basin. Reliable authorities fix the v of the trade now carried on between C and Siberia at nearly $25,000,000. This merce, which has its head quarters at mat-tschin, in Northern China, and at Kia in Southern Siberia, employs as its mea transportation 36,000 camels and oxen, more than 100,000 horses. It is now pro that this trade, or so much of it as m profitable, shall find its way into Siber the Amoor, which will save a conside outlay in the transport, and at the same open a wider market for such productio will not bear the cost of land carriage fo great a distance. The Amoor is between and three thousand miles in length. Its extent of navigable water from Lake M offers an excellent outlet to the Pacific spares a long and very difficult and expe journey across a thinly-inhabited and r country. Cargoes of teas and China pr have already been shipped from Shanghai this river on their way to St. Petersburg the Russians express their intention to on their trade with China hereafter thr their new territory. We may further that a railroad of 200 miles is projecte connect the navigable waters of the A with those of the Leno, the great river o north, and another from Cheta to Kiachta the purpose of connecting the head wate the Amoor with the system of railroad tending to Moscow and St. Petersburg. corps of engineers, it is stated, are no gaged in making the necessary survey these roads, while another of 400 mile length, between Pekin and the navigable w of the Songaree, a tributary of the Amo said to be in contemplation.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

THE COERCION PROJECT IN IRELAND.

GOVERNMENT PROSECUTIONS CONTINUED AGAINST THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ORGANS.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN FRANCE AND SARDINIA.

The War Question in Italy—The King of Naples Dead.

&c., &c., &c.

By the arrival of the Cunard steamship Asia, we are put in possession of seven days later news. The Asia left Liverpool at half past eleven o'clock of the 22d January, and arrived at this port at half past seven o'clock P. M., of the 7th inst. The following is a synopsis of her news :

IRELAND.

THE COERCION PROJECT—A PACKED MEETING.—The attempt of Lord Downshire and his confederates (says The Dublin Weekly Freeman's Journal of the 15th ult.) to get up a demonstration in favor of more coercion for Ireland has already proved a failure. Even The Times, the ancient enemy of the Irish people, denounces the landlord attempt as one which, if effective, would necessitate the presence of one hundred thousand armed men to maintain the peace of society, if, indeed, martial law could give quiet to a country oppressed by such tyranny as the landlord conspirators would impose. Mr. Naper, in his letter to The Evening Post, which we copied a few days since, substantially retires from the combination into which he was entrapped, and declares his entire distrust of the project to which, in a moment of weak confidence, he lent his name. The rational portion of the gentry have so unmistakably, and in such numbers, intimated to the "committee" their dissent from the proposal to abolish trial by jury as a practical institution in Ireland, and to convert the landlords of each district into a sort of drum-head court martial for the trial and conviction of tha tenantry, that the whole plan of the great meeting has been altered; and instead of a *public* conference, there is to be a *packed meeting* to carry the ten coercive propositions of the secret conclave.

PROGRESS OF THE GOVERNMENT PROSECUTION AGAINST THE SECRET SOCIETIES.—The publication of the proceedings in Cork (says the same paper) revealed the true proportions of the Southern Phœnix. Though the informer endeavored to make the most of his knowledge, the whole affair was so provokingly laughable, that Government felt almost ashamed to burlesque the solemnity of a State prosecution by committing such wretched fledglings. Public opinion had already covered their folly with derision. From the North we have an account of the secret inquiry before Mr. Tracy. The Northern Whig by some means obtained a comprehensive note of the evidence, and our cotemporary has done good service in publishing it. Beyond, however, the name of the company at Mrs. M'Kay's, and a meagre outline of the Ribbon conspiracy, developed in the signs and passwords and the periodic changes in the same, as well as the anxiety of the members to commit as little as possible to writing, we obtain very little additional knowledge. We should like to know how the staff or executive committee is composed which presides over and directs the whole—where it deliberates —how funds are contributed and distributed, and for what objects? The evidence of Carolan, one of the approvers, is curious. Lodge No. 12, where the Knights took their seats at the Round Table, was a Ribbon Society. We are not informed how long it had existed—a very important fact, overlooked in the examination, or at least not published—or whether it was connected with other Lodges. The number, of course, implies such a connexion; but, so far as appears from the evidence of the two approvers, there was no communication between the members of the respective lodges except by signs and passwords. Kelly, indeed, transferred his services and counsel from Lodge No. 13, in which he was first initiated, to Lodge No. 12, in which he continued up to the arrest. There is a difference in the practice of the Clubs which indicates the absence of a central or controlling power. For instance, in No. 13 the Secretary entered the full names of the members, whereas the more cautious Secretary of No. 12 entered only the initials of the names, and placed a number opposite each. From this difference of practice we infer that the Ribbon Societies are, for the most part, distinct combinations, not controlled by any supreme authority, and generally consisting of fifteen or twenty members. They resemble the Phœnixes in the practicability of their objects. One of the passwords was, "We expect a war between England and France," and if a Brother heard the sage hope expressed, he was to reply, "Yes, the Irish Brigade are on the advance." These melt in a poetic couplet:

B. 1.—We expect a war between England and France!
B. 2.—Yes, the Irish Brigade is on the advance!

The same tendency to the poetic appears in the second password—

B. 1.—Let each man fill his station!
B. 2.—The Navvies are making preparation!

The "quarrelling" pass-words are less reduceable to heroic numbers—for instance, one, in the rebuking vein and imperative mood, says—"Don't be ignorant," to which respondent politely replies—"I am better bred." The night pass-word is glomy and menacing. First conspirator, looking to the zenith—"The clouds are dark." Second conspirator—"Yes; they are dark as heresy." The signs were equally instructive. One leader places his index finger on the right side of his nose, to which the other responds by a correlative movement on the left. The two approvers, being members of the same lodge, harmonised generally in their evidence. They identified all the prisoners as present on the night of the arrest; but on cross-examination by the prisoners themselves, Carolin was shaken in some material facts. Much has been said about the religion of the persons involved in those societies. We dare say Orangemen would not admit Ribbonmen into their lodges, and Ribbonmen act on the same principle of exclusion. How could it be otherwise? The conspirators on both sides pursue different objects, and as no person could expect to see a Ribbonman in an Orange lodge, so none would look for an Orangeman in a Ribbon lodge.

One fact of very great importance, as bearing on the conduct of the Catholic clergy, is brought out on the cross-examination of Carolan. This approver was very emphatic in limiting membership to Catholics, but on cross-examination by James Hughes he admitted he was not known to the clergy as a member, and, further, that they would refuse him the rites of the church if they knew him to be a member. Another fact of some significance was elicited, that the majority of the members arrested were not in the habit of attending Catholic places of worship.

ABSENCE OF CRIME IN CARLOW.—We rejoice to find that Carlow, like most other places in which quarter sessions are held, presents an exceedingly light calendar, only eleven criminal cases, one of which only was of a grave character. We have also to report the peaceable state of the Queen's County; the grand jury of the Craigue quarter sessions presented the barrister with a pair of white kid gloves, thus showing the absence of *any* criminal cases. Ireland is almost uniformly in an anomalous position, or rather she is placed in one. The prisons are gradually deprived of offenders, the poor-house of inmates, and everything, so far as appearances go, bespeak happiness and tolerable contentment, whilst it is at the same time under a species of *espionage* which renders the people uneasy and unfitted for their daily avocations.

[Carlow Post.

PROBABLY THE LAST OF THE IRISH VOLUNEERS.—Died, at Corbally, on the 10th instant, James McAlenan, Esq., at the advanced age of 113. He was an active member of the volunteer corps, and was present at Dungannon at the great meeting of 1782. He travelled from his own place at Rathfriland, a distance of six miles, a few days before his death. His death is justly regretted by all who knew him. [Banner of Ulster.

THE IRISH ART UNION.—At the last meeting of the Irish Art Union, in Dublin, Ex-Chancellor the Right Hon. M. Brady in the chair, a letter was read from His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes of New York, in which he expressed his warm sympathy with the object of the Association and promised his actual co-operation and material aid. The paper was received with every mark of respect.

The National Gallery (Art) of Ireland was opened on the 7th of January.

ENGLAND.

The Times says that a satisfactory report is in circulation that the Government are at present resolved to take efficient measures for the protection of British interests in Mexico.

The usual circular of the ministerial leader to his parlimentary supporters has been sent out.

Le Nord announces that a treaty of commerce and navigation between Russia and Great Britain was signed at St. Petersburg on the 12th.

The government organs are unsparing in their strictures on Mr. Buchanan and our leading statesmen, for their interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. The idea of a Mexican Protectorate constructed like the Mosquito Protectorate by England is gaining ground and has been gravely discussed.

FRANCE.

It is asserted that an alliance, offensive and defensive, has been concluded between France and Sardinia.

The passport system is being modified in some of its arrangements.

Rumors were again current of the probable accession to office of M. de Persigny, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, vice Walewski. The report was not generally credited.

The steam engines at Vincennes were still at work, making rifle cannon.

The Paris Patrie of the 19th ult. contained an article to the effect that the avoidance of war was not to be considered altogether certain. This, coupled with a false report that insurrection had broken out at Milan and Venice, and an equally unfounded rumor of a collision between Austrian and Sardinian troops, caused a reaction on the Bourse, and a considerable portion of the previous improvement was lost —the decline of the day being equal to three-fourths per cent.

The marriage of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilda is said to have taken place and much space is given in the description of her trousseau, &c. The insurgent tribes in Algiers have been completely subdued.

ITALY.

According to advices from Rome, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was received by the Pope in a private audience, which was of a very long duration. His lordship will now return to London.

The Papal Nuncio has been ordered to tell the French Emperor that the Pope will take refuge in Vienna if a cannon is fired in Lombardy.

A letter from Bologna of the 6th, in the Unione of Turin, states that orders have been received from Rome to prepare the Villa of San Michele, in Bosco, near Bologna, for the reception of the Pope.

In Turin the belief in the imminence of war gains ground daily.

NAPLES.

The King of Naples died unexpectedly on the morning of Jan. 20.

The prisoners amnestied by the late King are forced, by the terms of the amnesty, to emigrate to America.

AUSTRIA.

The Times announces that negotiations are about to be commenced immediately for an Austrian loan of about £6,000,000, in the London market. Baron Brenteno, who visited England on a similar mission about six years ago, is on his way hither for the purpose.

Gen. Count Giulay, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief at Milan, has arrived in Florence on a mission, the object of which is supposed to be to induce the Grand Duke definitely to abandon a neutral attitude, and support Austria.

The Tuscan Ministers were divided in opinion on this point.

PRUSSIA.

A movement has just been set on foot in the Rhenish provinces to abolish the restrictions of labor and trade on Sundays altogether. A meeting, attended indiscriminately by master manufacturers, shopkeepers and working men, has been held, with that object, at Dusseldorf. The anti-Sabbatarian movement in Berlin, which is chiefly supported by the working classes, is for the present directed exclusively to secure the opening of the museums and galleries on Sundays, and as the Prince Regent himself has given his personal approval to such a measure, no doubt is entertained that this movement will be successful.

Prussia will remain neutral in Austrian affairs, unless France interferes.

RUSSIA.

There has been some excitement in Moscow, in consequence of the students of the University hissing an unpopular professor. Three hundred left the college, but afterward a recommendation from the Minister of Public Instruction that they should return, produced the desired effect.

A BOY CARRIED OVER THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—A sad accident occurred at Nigara Falls on Saturday. An adopted son of Mr. Gibbs, foreman of the Paper Mills, accidentally fell into the river, and was carried over the American Fall. The Rochester Union understands that the lad was on the ice, near the mills, where men had been running the drift ice in front of the flume, and accidentally fell into the swift stream. He was not seen to fall, but was seen some distance down the river, in the rapids, when beyond the reach of human aid, and speedly passed over, of course to rise no more alive. The child was twelve years old, and a lad of much promise, beloved by his adopted parents and all who knew him. The calamity caused much sensation at the village where it occurred.

FACETIÆ.

THE HORN-BLOWER.—Kotebue relates that being once very much annoyed by the horrible sounds which a tyro produced on the French horn, and understanding that the performer was a neighboring baker's apprentice, he sent him word that he would feel particularly obliged by his practising during the hours when he was from home, and of which he informed him at the same time. The young man returned his most respectful compliments, and would be very happy to please Mr. K. on any other occasion, but was extremely sorry that he could not promise anything on the present, having made it a point never to play but when he felt inspired.

HEAR, HEAR!—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear." Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wit bowed—thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question—and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unfortunate subject.

PRECEDENCE TO A BULLET.—General Meadows, equally renowned for his wit and bravery, being on a reconoitering party in the Mysore country, a twenty-four pound shot struck the ground at some distance from the General, and in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger, had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat very gracefully, as the shot rolled past, good-humoredly said, "I beg you to proceed, Sir; I never dispute precedence with any gentleman of your family."

VALUE OF KEEPING SILENCE.—Silence does not always mark wisdom. Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him and said nothing for a long while; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth, "Them's the jockies for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now—but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a confounded flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, Pa," replied the patient lad; "I can wait."

Returning to London, Jerrold was recognised in the railway carriage by a gentleman who wished—seeing the enthusiasm with which he pointed to the beauties of the landscape—to ingratiate himself by the assumption of an equal enthusiasm. But the counterfeit was plain and revolting. "I take a book," said the stranger, "retire into some unfrequented field, lie down, gaze on God's heaven, then study. If there are animals in the field, so much the better; the cow approaches, and looks down at me, and I look up at her."—"With a filial smile?" asked the wit.

"LETTERED EASE."—The ease with which the postage-stamps fall off the letters for the want of a little gum.— [Punch.

The most immoral of musicians is the fiddler; he is always on a *scrape!*

Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples!*

A stump orator declared that he knew no north, no south, no east, no west.—"Then," said a bystander, "go to school and learn geography."

A dram, generally speaking, is a small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

"You appear to have a fine assortment of musical instruments for sale," said Quiz, addressing a musical dealer. "Yes,—first-rate —all new—*can't be beat*," was the response. "If that's so," said Quiz, "I must look elsewhere." "Why?" asks the amazed dealer. "Because," replies Quiz, "*I want a drum!*"

"I would do anything, go to the end of the world, to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Go there," said she, and *stay*, and I shall be pleased."

"You would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

Susan was desirous of purchasing a watch. The maker showed her, among others, a beautiful one, remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "In one day?" asked Susan.

Jones doesn't dot his i's nor cross his t's. His talk is no less laconic; he never uses the personal pronoun I. Lately, in reply to the question, put in rather an impertinent tone, "Where were you born?" he replied, "Know where; and you may find it out."

How to prevent flies from getting at your bacon in summer—Eat it all in the winter.

SHOP WINDOW ADVERTISEMENT.—At a staymaker's shop appeared the following curious advertisement: "Wanted a man to *bone*."

THE STAR AND THE STREAM.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Before the door of a pretty cottage, sat a little boy and girl. The day had been wild and stormy, but its

"last
Bright hours attoned for dark ones past."

The evening star came on calm and beautiful; the atmosphere was peculiarly clear, and the sky was only broken by a few white streamer-like clouds that floated high in air. The blustering, surley wind had died away into a gentle whisper, and was now dallying with the wild flowers that sprung up, unheeded, amid the long meadow grass. The trees cast a gigantic shadow athwart the tiny stream, that gurgled on, adding its sweet plattling noise, as it played round a stone or pebble, to the sough of the bending branches and the low, dreamy sound caused by the undulating grass.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide;
Slowly she was going up,
And a star or two beside."

"L ook," Annie, said the boy, eagerly, "oh! look at that star. There it is, peeping up behind the mountain—how bright! how bright!" and he clapped his hands in delight, too great for words.

For a long time the children gazed, without speaking, at the twinkling star, which appeared to them to rise and sink behind the top of their favorite hill.

"Willie, do you love the moon?" said his little sister, quietly—so quietly it was almost a whisper. "I do."

"And so do I replied the boy warmly.

"Do you love the moon or the star the best?"

"The moon or the star!" repeated the boy slowly, in a puzzled tone. "Love the moon or the star the best? Why, Annie, what made you think of that?" "Oh! I think of it every night, and I love the little star better than the big bright moon, and I dreamed about it last night. Come in and ask mamma which she loves best."

The sun shone brightly on the home of the little girl and boy next morning, and all was life and bustle. The cows were lowing in the neighboring field and clustering round the paddock, impatient to be relieved of their load; the birds, up early to greet the rising sun, were raining down melody from the bosom of a sheltering cloud, and herbs and flowers were sending up their fragrant morning incense to the sky. The smoke ascended from the cottage chimney in spiral lines, that grew broader and fainter as it mounted, and, at last, float off, contributed to swell a cumulous cloud that was hovering above the horizon.

* * * * * * *

Fresh and happy the children set ont for school. The thoughtful look that lay upon their childish features, as they had gazed at the moon and star, had vanished, and was replaced by a more animated, every-day expression. Their talk was now of lessons and classes, and as they strolled on, plucking a leaf or flower from the pleasant hawthorn hedges that bordered the road, and flung their perfume far and wide, a keen observer could have detected one angry spot in the hearts of both. A vindictive schoolmate, older than either, had exulted, the day before, in no unmeasured terms, over Willie, when reprimanded by his teacher for inattention. This was but one of a series of annoyances that went on, day by day, becoming more aggravating, until Willie's dislike was ripening into hatred; and Annie entered too deeply into all his feelings not to dislike his tormentor with his whole heart. The day did not pass over without its meed of sorrow to our little friends—far from it. James Wood was more insulting than ever—misrepresented something Willie had said the day before of his teacher, induced several of his classmates to desert him, and called him a milk-sop, a great girl, and other names, until Willie reddened to the temples, and Annie cried with vexation.

Their mother knew by their flushed cheeks, and moist but flashing eyes, that something had occurred in school to grieve and vex them, and as she had the clue to it, she guessed pretty correctly what it was. But she took no notice. The agitated voices became firm, the flush passed from the check, and the moisture from the eye, but she asked no questions, and made no remark. She occupied them until the evening closed in, and the deepening sky showed little white round specks, that an observant eye alone could distinguish, but which, in the darkness, would shine out stars unmistakably. The sun set in a flood of glory, and left a trail of light behind. "Dying day died like the dolphin," the sun set grew paler and paler, the warm bright colors faded, the glow was gone, and "all was grey."

The children sat in mute and quiet expectation. They were glad when the shadows encircled hill and vale; gladder still when the pathway that led through the field to the highroad became indistinct, and nothing was seen save the glittering streamlet and the sparkling stars.

They looked for a few moments, and then hurried away.

"I don't wan't to look at the stars any more; I don't care for them to-night. I don't think anything about them," said Willie. "I can think of nothing but James Wood. I'll tell you, Annie—whisper."

His sister drew closer to him.

"I hate him."

This, though uttered in a subdued tone, had a vehemence that was startling in one of his age.

"I'll not dream about the stars to-night, Willie; *that* I know. I'll just dream about odious"——

"Hush!" said Willie; "here's mother."

Mrs. Mildmay was graver than usual, as she sat down and placed the children beside her.

"Watching the stars?" she said. "I would not wonder if you dreamed of the stars. But come, I have nothing to do to-night, so I will tell you a dream I once had about a star when I was a very little girl."

The children were all delighted; they forgot, in one moment, James Wood and all the grief he had caused them, and bent forward in listening eagerness.

"You know that I had a step-sister."

"Oh yes, and we know that she was very unkind to you."

"Yes, my dears, so she was; but I must tell you that I was very wicked, and almost hated her, and that was very bad. I had fallen asleep one night, crying, for I was very unhappy, and I thought I stood by a broad and rapid river. It was so clear I could see to the bottom—glancing pebbles and beauteous shells, of every shape and hue, were there distinctly visible; fishes, large and small, shot past with arrowy swiftness: some sported in the shallows, and others sought the deep pools. I thought it was evening—such an evening as this—the moon had not risen, but the stars were shining brightly. The bed of the river was not level, like that of your pretty brook, for it rolled its waters down the side of a gentle declivity, which, of course, added to the rapidity of its current, and yet, though it moved rapidly onwards, it was calm and unruffled as a standing pool. Small, lithe shrubs bent over it; wild flowers were mirrored in its placid surface, and its banks were fringed with luxuriant grass, whose deep green was reflected in its waters. I saw all this at a glance, and I heard the river brawling, further down—

"The gentle river," said Annie, sorrowfully. "Yes, darling! the gentle river was brawling loudly, and became noisier as it proceeded. I turned to look, but instead of delicate shrubs, tall trees were standing, whose branches interlacing, cast a gloom athwart it, and intercepted the views. Still, through many a leafy vista, I could see the glancing river, hurrying on with wild impetuosity to the brow of a precipice, over which it dashed. A subterranean channel received it, and I saw it no more. Beautiful as the spot was, and indelibly as it is impressed on my memory, I thought not of it then. One brief glance sufficed to take in all I have described, and then my attention became rivetted on one object. A star, brighter than the evening star when brightest, was above me, shining to the zenith. The other stars were dim in comparison, and I could but gaze on it and its radiant reflection in the liquid mirror below. I knew not which was most beautiful.

"Even as I looked, a change came over the scene, sudden and complete. We may feel terrified or delighted, glad or sorry, in a dream, but there is one feeling no dream, however strange, can excite, and that is surprise. You understand me, Annie?

"Oh! yes, mamma, I do. I was not surprised the other night to see my star come down to me."

"You do, I know, Willie? Well, I wasn't surprised by the change, great though it was. The tranquil, limpid river, was black and turgid; the wild flowers were sullied and torn up by the roots, and the shrubs were leafless, as if the blasts of many a "drear nighted December" had whistled through them. The pure, transparent waters—where were they? And the dancing star? Gone, gone! I felt that nothing could bring them back, and I felt that nothing could compensate for their loss.

"And then I loathed the river with a feeling inexpressibly deep, and turned from it, that my eyes might be no more offended by its deformity. But at the moment, a something in the middle of the stream, too dim to be called bright, arrested my attention. What could it be? Surely, not the star. One rapid glance above, and there was no room for doubt. Brightly as ever, there it shone. And that dim brightness, that faded splendor—was it the reflection of the glorious orb above? I shrank from admitting the possibility of it even to myself.

"What! the river, on which I could not bear to look, thus favored. The full glory of the dazzling star poured out for it as lovingly as when the clear, calm waters gave back its image undimmed. And why could I not look upon it. True, its beauty was gone, its unsullied purity was gone—but the star I loved shone there, and better still, though sullied and impure, it gave back its image, broken indeed, and faint, as the resemblance of a dream within a dream, but still a reflection, or rather a something, by which I knew the star was shining on it.

"A sound like nothing I had ever heard, filled the air around me, a low, murmuring, melodious sound,

"As if a rush of angel's wings
Passed musically by;"

And ever and anon, as if it were the refrain to a song, I heard these words:

Despise not the river, for there shines the star,
Its flowers are all dead,
And their perfume is fled,
And darkness and discord its loveliness mar,
Yet despise not the river, for there shines the star.

"With these words ringing in my ears, I wakened. Now, Willie, read my dream."

"Oh, dear mother, I know very well what it means. I shall never hate James Wood again, no matter what he does to me. I shall love him for the star's sake." M. M.

THE KNIGHT OF LOEWENSTEIN.

BY MISS PARDOE.

During the age of the early crusades, when Hungary was invaded by a powerful tribe of Mongol-Tartars from the far east, who, under their chief Cadan, and others, spread ruin through the land, the Hungarian King called on his nobles and vassals to take the field against the foe. "Amongst other chieftains, this order extended to that of Loewenstein, upon which the good knight Emmerick instantly prepared to obey the summons of his sovercign; and so efficiently and zealously was he seconded by his retainers, that, ere the lapse of many days, nothing remained for the brave soldier to do but to take a fond and affectionate farewell of his family, and sally forth to dare the issue of the coming struggle

Until the hour of his departure came, the knight had not found time to bestow a thought upon this parting; nor was it until he saw his gallant Arab fretting in the court-yard, and fling large flakes of foam in the air as it tossed its graceful neck, and strove to escape from the hands of the groom, that he became aware of a sinking of the heart and a sadness of the spirit, which he would willingly have shaken off, but could not.

Next to his country and his honor, the gallant Sir Emmerick loved the Lady Agnes. She had been so young, so beautiful, and so innocent, when he made her his bride; she had become so excellent a wife, and so staid and queenly a matron; and she had reared his brave boys and his fair and gentle girls in such sweet peace and beautiful obedience, that the household of Loewenstein had grown into a proverb in the provence. Sad indeed was the parting; for the Lady Agnes well knew the half-savage and barbarous nature of the enemies against whom her lord was about to contend, and the most gloomy forebodings pressed upon her spirit.

"Had one of our dear boys been only old enough to have fought beside thee, my Emmerick," she said fondly, as she stood with her arm about his neck, and her head pillowed upon his shoulder, "methinks I should not have grieved so much at thy departure; for the saints would have loved so fair a sight, and have protected thee for thy child's sake and for mine. But thou goest forth alone against these barbarians, and I am loth to let thee quit me."

"Nay, madam, and my good mistress," interposed a hoarse voice at her elbow; and turning suddenly towards it, the Lady Agnes beheld at her side the stalwart and lofty form of Andrew Budiak, the castellan of Loewenstein, one of the most tried and faithful of her husband's followers, a man who, although past his prime, was still as bold in the battle-field as he was true in the castle-hall, and who had won his present post by long years of fidelity and service. Budiak was looked upon with reverence by all the household, and with trust and favor by the knight and his fair wife; while to the happy boys who grew up in beauty beneath his eye, he was at once a playmate, a protector, and a friend. "Nay, madam, and my good mistress," said the deep voice of the castellan, "that may still be as it please my lord; for there is no need that one like he should go forth without a trusty heart at his stirrup."

The offer of Budiak was promptly refused, but being persisted in, it was at length accepted of; and thus increased, the party set off to join the army of the Magyars. Few chieftains, as it appeared, had armed with the promptitude of Sir Emmerick; and the consequence was, that a very inefficient force of Magyars was compelled to make the attempt to check the Tartars by meeting them in the field. The issue was but what might have been anticipated, considering the hardiness and wild daring of the hostile forces.

"Never was a battle more fatal than that which made the river-tide of the Lago run red with the blood of both Hungarian and Tartar. The Tartarian troops suffered severely, and their slain covered the green sward; but Hungary had to weep not only her bravest but her noblest. High heads were bowed that day, and high hearts stilled forever; there was scarcely a hearth throughout the land beside which one seat was not made vacant. Death had a rich harvest. But, alas! the evil ended not here; for they who fell were comparatively blessed; their cares were over; and when the broad sun went down after the fight, it gilded with its goodliest beams the graves of those who slept beneath them. The pale dawn arose, and the mountain vapors unwound their clammy wreaths from peak and pinnacle, as the radiant beam came on; but with the light and warm of day came also the wild victors among the dying and the dead, to plunder those whose task was ended, and to secure the wounded, who might hereafter be ransomed.

Of the latter number were the Knight of Loewenstein and his faithful Budiak, who had fought and fallen together; and who, having partially recovered consciousness, and given unequivocal signs of life, were lifted from the earth, conveyed into the Tartar camp, and assigned by lot to the chief Cadan.

A few days of rest were reluctantly ceded to them, for their wounds were numerous and severe; but their savage master had no sooner ascertained that no actual risk of their dying by the way still existed, than they were chained together, and with a score of other unfortunates, also linked two and two, and attached by the centre of their fetters to the stirrup of a Tartar horseman, bearing a long and pliant lance in his hand, a bow slung at his saddle-bow, and a quiver of arrows at his back, they were dragged or driven onward, and not unfrequently impelled by blows, towards the home of their captor.

After weary months of hope deferred, making the heart sick, the lady Agnes of Loewenstein not only heard of her misfortune, but received it in an exaggerated form. It was told to her that her husband was dead! "It were vain to attempt to depict the agony of the widowed mother, as she listened to the fatal tale. 'Dead!' she exclaimed wildly. 'What! the father of my boys? The Lord of Loewenstein, who hath ever made his foemen lick the dust, and scattered terror before him as he went? It cannot be! You would mock me, because I am here alone, and that he is not by to comfort me——.' And then she wept, and none sought to control her tears, for they knew that without this kindly dew such grief might craze her brain; but they brought her children to her, and placed her last-born on her knee; and then they left her in her sorrow, for they felt that it was too sacred to look upon at such a moment."

Emmerick, meanwhile, was wasting his days in toil, suffering, and tears—nor could even his faithful Budiak talk to him of hope. But a gleam of light at length glanced on their gloomy state. It chanced that one evening, overcome by exertion under a burning sun, the Lord of Loewenstein and his compa-

nion sank down side by side upon their bed of leaves, within the den which had been assigned them, when Budiak, in the act of turning away his head from his master, that he might not seem to be watching his misery, caught sight of an axe which had been accidentally left in their cell by one of the hired laborers employed in erecting sheds for the newly-arrived captives, who were so numerous as to require additional places of shelter; and without even asking him a question as to its probable utility, or forming any plan in which it might avail, he quickly concealed it within his garments. As he did so, a new hope, strong and resistless, sprang up within him; although he could shape it into no tangible form or likeness; nor torture his invention into any scheme of deliverance which was not only too vague but even too impossible for accomplishment.

The night wore on; the watch had been set; each prisoner had answered as his name had been challenged by the captain of the guard; and the deep slumber of over-wrought strength—that sleep which is without rest, and almost without blessing—had fallen upon the miserable band, when Budiak revealed to the knight the secret of his newly acquired treasure. Their first impulse was spontaneous; chained as they were together, all escape was impossible; but this strong instrument would sever those galling fetters, and set them free. Accordingly, with great caution, and muffling the sound of the iron links with the folds of their coarse garments, the two captives commenced their attempt; but every effort proved fruitless—the ponderous chain was too substantial to be severed; and after they had alternately exhausted their feeble remains of strength in the vain endeavor, they desisted in despair, and as they did so, each turned aside to weep.

"It avails not," at length exclaimed the knight; "we are fated to die like felons, and we must submit—there is no hope—would that there were also no memory. What a curse has the past become to me! I grow old as I call it back. Budiak, I love you—I mourn for you—I cannot forget that it is for me that you are here, when you might have been free, and honored, and happy. And what are you now!"

"Your own poor servant, my good lord," was the reply, as the faithful follower turned painfully upon his rugged bed, and raised the hand of his chieftain to his lips, which were moisted by the blood drops that his late struggle to rend the chain had collected on his maimed and smarting fingers; "your own poor servant, suffering for you and with you, and thus far happier than if he were himself the Lord of Loewenstein! Would you think of *me* when the chain is rusting into your own flesh!"

"There is no hope!" ejaculated the knight.

"My honored lord," continued Budiak, "despair not; nature sometimes shrinks for a time, but she redeems herself at last. I can support my own misery, for I am alone in the world; glory has been mistress, and I have known no other; I am the child and the votary of fortune; and though the chances have now turned against me, I have no right to rebuke my fate; for, thanks to you, my brave and honored master, I have in my time dealt far heavier blows than I have yet received. With you it is otherwise; you were born to greatness, and have lost your birthright; but it must be redeemed."

"Alas! there is no hope," murmured the knight, as he buried his face in his hands.

He was aroused by the sound of a heavy blow. Not one which had fallen upon a hard and resisting substance, but which produced a crashing and smothered sound, that although he knew not why, thrilled to the very core of his heart.

"What have you done, Budiak?" he asked hurriedly.

"My lord! my benefactor!" gasped out the voice of his follower; "there was but the accursed Tartar chain between you and freedom, and we could not burst it. It holds you here no longer; go, rejoin your wife, and be happy. Tell her"——

As he paused in agony, and raised his hand to dash the sweat drops from his brow, the knight turned towards him to discover the secret of his terrible emotion; when with a groan of misery he sank back in his turn, exclaiming, "Tell me that I dream—I dare not—will not believe that you have done this."

"Calm yourself, my lord, and think of flight," relied the heroic vassal; and as he spoke he raised himself with a violent effort, and wrenched away, from the fetter by which it had been so long encircled, the leg which he had hewn from his body in order to accomplish the escape of his master. "Let me fling off this useless limb, which never served me so well as it has done this day. And now be wary, my good lord, and you are free, for our infidel castors have trusted largely to the chain, and speed and silence will almost insure success."

"Never!" said Emmerick, as he threw his arms about the devoted man; "I will never leave you here alone—maimed for my sake—a prey to the lash; or perhaps to die without one friendly voice to murmur peace in your last moments."

"Will you then condemn me to feel that I have made this sacrifice in vain?" asked Budiak. "Will you compel me to see my own sufferings aggravated by your participation in them, without having the power to alleviate a single pang? Have you forgotten that if you are found here at dawn we shall both be the victims of an act for which I alone shall be responsible? You will not—cannot bid me suffer this? Come, come, my lord, arouse yourself and depart, and let my bodily sufferings be forgotten in the intense yearning with which I shall follow you in thought upon your homeward path."

"I will not leave you thus," persisted the knight.

"Nay, then, hear the truth"—and once more the gallant castellan raised himself upon his arm, and struggled against the faintness which was rapidly overcoming his strength—"even now I feel that I am dying. My heart flutters a while like a newly-caged bird, and then stands still; and the blood that is draining my veins drops cold and thick, as though little more remained to shed. Farewell."

The last words were scarcely gasped out when the sufferer fell heavily back upon the earth, cold, rigid, and unconscious; nor did the knight for an instant doubt that the spirit of the stout soldier had fled for ever."

For a time the knight could only weep over the body of Budiak, who had proved his devotion to his master at such a price; but thoughts of home gradually grew thick and fast upon him. Budiak, too, must not have died in vain; and Emmerick roused himself to attempt his escape. He succeeded, and after a time got rid of his affecting burden. At length, "wearied and way-worn he reached a spot whence he could look upon his home; but even as he stood gazing upward on its tall towers bathed in light, and its dark frowning battlements that formed a warlike and threatening coronal to the steep rock which they surmounted, a solemn strain of music swept downward to the valley, like a requiem for the dead; and a cold chill gathered about the wanderer, as he asked of a peasant who stood beside him, and who had been his guide through the difficult passes of the mountain, why that mournful strain was pealing out.

"Stranger," was the reply, "had you been an inhabitant of our province, you would have known that two years since this very day the brave lord of Loewenstein, on whose castle you are now looking, fell in fight against the Tartars; and his lady, who has never yet cast aside her mourning weeds, is celebrating his annual requiem, surrounded by all his vassals and retainers. Well may they weep for him, for few have ever mourned a better master."

"Why are you not among them if you mourn his fate?" asked the knight.

"It was this errand which brought me into your path," replied the serf; "I am bound for the castle even now, and trust I shall not arrive too late."

"I will be your companion," said Emmerick; "the prayers of the soldier and the wayfarer will be welcome."

"As you will," was the reply, and in another moment they were breasting the steep ascent to Loewenstein, each too much absorbed in his own reflections to weary his comrade with words; nor did the knight resent the blunt fellowship of his guide, for two years of famine and wretchedness had so altered him that he was as one disguised, whom none might recognize; and thus he approached his own halls, in hopefullness of spirit, but the mere shadow of his former self, clad in rags, and wasted by famine.

When they reached the chapel, they found it hung with sable drapery, and lighted by torches; and even as she had stood before the altar in the first days of her imaginary widowhood, so stood the lady Agnes now, covered from head to foot in a thick black veil, and surrounded by her children; her meek eyes raised to heaven, and her cheek pale from vigils and regret.

As he looked upon her, the knight could scarcely refrain from clasping her to his heart, and kissing away the tears which were falling fast into her bosom; but the solemn service had commenced, and he felt that he was once more kneeling before the altar of his faith, and that his first emotions of gratitude and love were due to Heaven; but so strongly was he moved as the rites proceeded, that many about him looked anxiously and curiously on the strange man who had come among them at such a moment, no one knew whence, to weep as they wept, and to mingle his grief with theirs.

When the service terminated, the lady Agnes proceeded from the chapel to the great gate of the castle, to distribute alms to all such as might be there to receive them; and no hands save her own and those of her fair children were suffered to aid in the distribution of the food, which, as each received it, was repaid by a prayer for the dead.

In his turn, Emmerick approached the sad and gentle lady; but ere he did so, he drew from his bosom and displayed above his tattered vest a small picture of the Virgin, suspended about his neck by a chain of her own hair, which she had hung there years before, on one of his departures for battle, and which, from its utter want of intrinsic value, his captors had suffered him to retain.

The ornament caught the eye of Geysa, his elder and favorite son, and the boy drew to it the attention of his mother by exclaiming—"Serve this poor pilgrim, I beseech you, mother, for he seems faint from toil and want; and he must surely be a good man, for see, even amid his rags, he has preserved a picture of Our Lady, which he might have sold for food."

Thus urged, the lady Agnes drew near the mendicant, and as her eyes fell upon the relic, she at once recognized her own gift; but for a while she stood speechlessly gazing upon the gaunt and squalid figure before her, and then, throwing back her veil, she bent down with parted lips and distended eye-balls, like one paralyzed by a hideous dream, and gasped out—"Speak. Whence are you? Speak!"

"Agnes!" murmured a well-known voice, and in the next instant Emmerick once more held his beloved wife in his arms."

The story now returns to Budiak, who recovered from his faint, and whose condition at once told the Tartars in the morning what had taken place. "Thou shalt die the death of a dog, vile slave!" exclaimed the chief; "I care not," was the reply; "I have saved my master."

"And he has left thee here to perish," sneered the Tartar general.

"He thought me dead," said Budiak firmly; "and he is now free, and will be ere long in his own halls."

"Only tell me that thou hast repented the rash deed, and that were it yet to do thou wouldst refuse," urged the astonished Cadan.

"I may not pass away with a lie upon my lips," said the castellan; "I would lop every limb save that which did the holy work, could I by the sacrifice insure to him the happiness of a life of freedom and success. And now let me die; I have nothing to regret or to excuse; and I would fain pray for my chief and for my country while I have yet breath to do it."

The Tartar General turned aside in deep emotion. In the half savage devotion and self sacrifice of the Hungarian vassal there was a haughty carelessness of suffering, and even of life, which he could at once appreciate and admire.

"He must not perish thus," he said to his astonished attendants; and then stooping towards the castellan, he added gently, "Christian, thou hast conquered. The sun rests today upon my weapon, but its beam may glance off in some hour of peril, when such love as thine may be beyond all price. Strive against thy weakness, and live. Care and rest may yet restore thee; and I swear that for the sake of the noble lesson thou hast taught to my own followers, thou shalt no sooner be able to keep the saddle than I shall give thee gold, and arms, and such a steed as it shall become a Tartar chieftian himself to cross, and send thee under a safe escort to thine own people and thin own land, that the proud Hungarians may learn that Cadan can also respect the virtue of fidelity."

In deep gratitude and amazement, the overjoyed Budiak endeavored, maimed and tortured as he was, to cast himself at the feet of his generous captor; but as he ceased speaking, the Tartar left the cell.

The thought of home and freedom, combined with the care of those around him, who fulfilled to the letter the instructions of their chief, soon restored the castellan to some degree of strength; and he no sooner believed himself able to encounter the fatigue of the undertaking, than he obtained permission to set forth upon his journey.

At length the blessed moment came, and joyful was the welcome with which for the second time the inhabitants of Loewenstein received, as if from the grave, one whom they had long mourned as lost to them forever. He came to them crippled and wasted, it is true, but he was again among those who were to him dearer than limbs or life; and he felt himself pressed to the heart of his grateful master, and greeted by the name of "brother," and the happy tears of the Lady Agnes were on his hand, and the kisses of her children upon his lips, and all around him was care and congratulation."

This beautifully told tale of vassal devotion will satisfy our readers that the name of Miss Pardoe is still, as formerly, a secure guarantee for the interest of any work to which it is prefixed.

The Coca of Bolivia.—The coca, which is so essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of this climate. This plant at the time of the conquest, was only used by the Incas and those of the royal or rather solar blood. The plant was looked upon as an image of divinity, and no one entered the enclosures where it was cultivated without bending the knee in adoration. The divine sacrifices made at that period were thought not to be acceptable to heaven, unless the victims were crowned with branches of this tree. The oracles made no reply, and auguries were terrible, if the priest did not chew coca at the time of consulting them. It was an unheard-of sacrilege to invoke the shades of the departed great without wearing this plant in token of respect; and the Coyas and Mamas, who were supposed to preside over gold and silver, rendered the mines impenetrable if the labourers failed to chew the leaves of the coca while engaged in the toil. To this plant the Indian recurred for relief in his great distress; no matter whether want or disease oppressed him, or whether he sought the favours of Fortune or Cupid, he found consolation in this divine plant. In the course of time its use extended to the whole Indian population, and its cultivation became an important branch of trade. It produced at one period no less than 2,641,487 dollars yearly; and we are told that its leaves were once the representative of money, and circulated as coin. The virtues of the coca are of the most astonishing character. The Indians who are addicted to its use are enabled to withstand the toil of the mines, amidst noixous metallic exhalations, without rest, food, or protection from the climate. They run hundreds of leagues over deserts, arid plains, and craggy mountains, sustained only by the coca and a little parched corn; and often, too, acting as mules in bearing loads through passes where animals cannot go. Many have attributed this frightful frugality and power of endurance to the effects of habit and not the use of the coca; but it must be remembered that the Indian is naturally voracious; and it is known that many Spaniards were unabled to perform the Herculean tasks of the Peruvians until they habitually used the coca. Moreover, the Indians without it loose both their vigour and power of endurance. It is stated, that during the siege of La Paz, in 1781, when the Spaniards were constantly on the watch, and destitute of provisions in the inclmencies of winter, they were saved from disease and death by resorting to this plant. The coca possesses a slightly aromatic and agreeable odor, and when chewed dispenses a grateful fragrance; its taste is moderately bitter and astringent, and it tinges the saliva of a greenish hue. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which have always prevailed in the country. The mode of employing coca is to mix with in the mouth a small quantity of lime prepared from shells, much after the manner that the betel is used in the east. With this, a handful of parched corn and a ball of arrow root, an Indian will travel on foot a hundred leagues, trotting on ahead of a horse. On the frequented roads, I am informed that the Indian guides have certain spots where they throw out their quids, which have accumulated into little heaps that now serve as marks of distance; so that, instead of saying one place is so many leagues from another, it is common to call it so many quids! [Three Years in the Pacific, 1835.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN ROME.—From a letter dated Rome, Jan. 7, and published in The London Weekly Register, we obtain the following items of religious intelligence:—

Yesterday being the Epiphany of our Lord, masses were said in every rite throughout the morning at the Propaganda, and on Sunday there will be speeches by the students, one in every language under the sun, from the singsong Chinese to the sonorous German. Yesterday, after vespers, the procession of the Bambino took place at Ara Cœli for the close of a beautiful presepio, and the general of the Franciscans carried it and gave benediction to the kneeling multitudes from the top of the high flight of marble stairs leading up to the church, which were covered with people from the top to the bottom. It being a fine sunny day, this favorite devotion was more than usually crowded, and gave a gay and festive look to the whole Piazzi, as the bright costume of the country people stood out in relief against the dark-coated men. The kneeling poor were skirted by inumerable carriages, containing for the most part evidently "aliens in religion" as well as "in race and in language," to use Lord Lyndhurst's phrase, for they took no part in the devotion, but lolled at their ease on their cushioned seats, or stood up, opera-glass in hand, to view and descant on the *idolatry* and *superstition* of the Roman people.

Though the Christmas presepios are closed in the different churches where they have been exhibited and visited during the last ten days, if we look out for the sweet "star of the East" we may still visit the holy house under another aspect in other churches and find the Magi bowing down to the Infant now on his Mother's lap, and receiving their gifts. The best scene of this kind is in the church of St. Andra della Valle, where every day during the Octave of the Epiphany there will be a sermon in one of the principal European languages. We are to have two English sermons next Sunday morning, I am happy to hear, by Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton, who has been sometime in Rome.

CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION IN NEWCASTLE.—There is a significance in the Catholic demonstration of Monday night, in the Town-hall of Newcastle, which must arrest the thoughts of every reflecting mind. Three thousand people, more or less, thronged the largest secular edifice in our northern metropolis, in promotion of the erection, on our own side of the Tyne, of the first church possessed by the Catholics of Gateshead since the Reformation. The chief seat in the assembly, comprising many friendly Protestants, was filled by a successor of St. Wilfred—Dr. Hogarth—the Catholic Bishop of Hexham. One of the chief speakers, Canon Eyre, boasted of the existence of 20,000 Catholics in Newcastle, and proclaimed their intention to replace for their Church the ecclesiastical structures erected by our common ancestors, and which passed from the hands of that church at the change of the national religion. The son of the renowned William Wilberforce, and brother of the Bishop of Oxford, was the principal guest of the night; and he was introduced to the audience by one of the most zealous and most beloved of the resident priests—Father Suffield—himself, we believe, like Mr. Henry Wilberforce, an acquisition from the Church of England. It was, we say, a significant gathering; and although it were easy enough to detract, in some measure, from its importance, and to pick the gilt (in proverbial phrase) from the surface of the gingerbread, we should not, thereby, get rid of the actual gravity of the demonstration.

[Gateshead Observer.

INDISPOSITION OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.—We are sorry to hear that Cardinal Wiseman is suffering from a painful disease, *diabetes*, which has been gradually growing upon him for the last year and a half or two years. The disease under which he labors is one ot a serious and fatal nature, and it is quite uncertain how soon it may terminate fatally. It is unnecessary to say that the Catholic body in this country, and in Italy, are deeply anxious about the Cardinal's condition. Opposed as we are in politics and religion to his Eminence, we cannot but express our regret that so accomplished a scholar, and so distinguished a literary man should be suffering from a most painful illness, which is likely to bring him to a premature grave. [Constitutional Press.

CONVERSIONS IN ENGLAND.—A correspondent of The British Messenger (Scotland), states that the heirs to the Protestant earldoms of Denbigh, Gainsborough, Abingdon, Oxford and Dysart are converts to the Catholic faith, and that the Earl of Dunraven became a Catholic in 1835. The Earl of Gainsborough is patron for nine Episcopal livings, the Earl of Oxford of seven livings, and the Earl of Abingdon of four livings; twenty-four livings in all, which are at the disposal of professed Roman Catholics.

M. Regnier, an advocate in France, and author of several literary works, has just entered holy orders. He celebrated his first mass a few weeks back at the church of Cordeliers, at Nancy, his father, who is 80 years of age, assisting him in robing, and preparing for it.

The last accounts from Turon, in Cochin China, state that M. Raynaud, a young priest belonging to the foreign missions, who left France in 1857, has just died there, and was buried with military honours.

A letter from Prague says:—"Professor Hoffer has discovered in the library of the Count de Thun, at Tetschen, a very valuable manuscript for the history of music, bearing the date of 1064. It formerly belonged to the celebrated cloister of Manfbrona, in Wurtemberg, and contains in 116 sheets of parchment a complete course of music as it existed in the eleventh century. This book has been placed in the hands of Dr. Ambros to undergo a careful examination, and on the result of his report will depend the publication of this work."

DOMESTIC.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.—We have, says The Louisville Guardian of the 5th inst., been furnished with the following summary of the Jubilee alms contributed by the faithful in the Diocese of Louisville, for the benefit of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith:

Louisville Cathedral, $306 78; St. Boniface's, $100; Immaculate Conception, $50 40; St. Martin's, $41 08; St. Patrick's, $21 35; St. John's, $60; Portland, $13 50; Abby of Gethsemane, $5; Sacred Heart, Union County, $102 50; St. Francis de Sales, Raywick, $15; Owensboro, $50; St. Lawrence, Daviess County, $5 25; St. John's, Paducah, $13 75; St. Jerome's, Graves County, $12; Fairfield and Taylorsville, $86; Flint Island, $54; St. Rose's, $181 95; Bardstown, $59 58; Nazareth Academy, $30; St. Mary's College, $11 75; New Haven Mission, $51 60; St. Gregory's and Bullit Mission, $21 35; Hardin and Grayson Missions, $67; Holy Mary's, St. Charles' and Lebanon, $118 50; St. Andrew's, Jefferson County, $6 75; Henry County, $8 75; Knoxville, $28; Holy Cross Mission, $25; Breckinridge County, per Rev. M. Power, $21 25. Total amount, $1,467 09.

The receipts from yearly subscribers to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, during the year 1858, were as follows:

Louisville Cathedral, $100 94; St. Boniface's, $63 70; Immaculate Conception, $60; St. Martin's, $45 80; Abby of Gethsemane, $10; Sacred Heart, Union County, $22; Paducah, $5 50; Bardstown, $45 42; Nazareth Academy, $35; Holy Mary's, $10. Total, $403 36.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT recently transpired, as we learn from a correspondent, at Princeton, Ind. The Rev. W. Pepersack had occasion to use the court-room for divine service—the very same court-room wherein, some years ago, the Rev. Roman Weinzoephlen was sentenced to imprisonment—in order to propitiate the anti-Catholic bigotry of the lower portion of the State. It may be supposed that the Rev. clergyman did not fail to notice an event so closely concerning one of his most dear friends, and to draw from the theme a powerful incentive for the Catholics of the place to unite earnestly in erecting a suitable building for public worship.

[Louisville Guardian, 5th inst.

THE ADMISSION OF GENERAL WALKER INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The Mobile Mercury of the 1st inst. says: Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock a large concourse of citizens and many strangers visiting our city were attracted to the Catholic Cathedral by a rumor that General Wm. Walker would at that time be initiated into the bosom of the Catholic Church. All the surroundings rendered the occasion one of solemn interest. The season of the year and the hour gave to the Cathedral that "dim, religious light" so favorable to serious impressions. The venerable Vicar-General, in his gorgeous robes, and the attendant priests, in their sacred vestments, the deep response, the solemn chant, the burning tapers, and vessels of the sanctuary, inspired in the beholders wonder and reverence. But the most striking feature of the scene was Gen. Walker himself—the hero of many fields, the statesman and law-giver—kneeling there with the humility of a child, and listening to the instructions of those to whom, it is claimed, God has committed the authority of his Church and the dispensation of his Gospel. We cannot give the details of what occurred, but suffice it to say that General Walker is now a member of the Catholic Church, to whose fold he has been led, we have no doubt, by overwhelming conviction, as he was reared after the straitest sect a Presbyterian, and, we have heard, prepared himself for the services of the pulpit in that denomination.

STARVATION IN LONDON.—In addressing a meeting recently held at Norwich on the subject of poor law reform, the Rev. G. H. M'Gill, of Christchurch, London, said the returns of the registrar-general showed that from privation, want of breast-milk (resulting from privation), neglect, and cold, the following mortality had taken place in the ten years ending the 31st of December, 1857: 1848, 222; 1849, 235; 1850, 211; 1851, 292; 1852, 304; 1853, 358; 1854, 386; 1855, 460; 1856, 414; 1857, 416. "Making a total," added the reverend gentleman, "of 3292 persons who had perished."

OUR LEGISLATIVE BODIES.

NATIONAL.

SENATE.—The company who are about to establish a line of steamers between New York and Havana, have presented a memorial to Congress, offering to carry the mails for $1 50 per mile bi-monthly, or oftener at the same rate.

A memorial from the Legislature of New York for the improvement of lakes and harbors, was also presented.

The Agricultural College bill was again under discussion but was postponed to allow Mr. Clay an opportunity to express his opinions which were decidedly adverse. On its next reading it passed with some amendments which will necessitate its being sent back to the House. The Secretary of War in his communication to the Senate, proposes that the old forts should be sold and the proceeds of the sale applied to the erection of new ones. This economical spirit is not confined to the War Department alone, but we hear an echo from the Committee on Commerce who have reported a substitute for the Secretary of the Treasurer's recommendations of economy. The substitute proposes to economise six hundred thousand dollars, and the services of a thousand persons employed in the collection of the revenue. The bill will be printed and called up at the earliest opportunity.

The House resoultion permitting Lieutenant Maury and Professor Bache to receive medals from the Sardinian Government, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The Indian Reservation bill which had previously passed the Senate, has now passed the House. It places three hundred and twenty acres at the disposal of each Indian who removed from New York to the reservations assigned them under the treaty of 1838. The Indians are to be allowed one year to make their selections, and pre-emptions are to be secured from the date of settlement. The money derived from the sale of lands other than those selected by the Indians is to be paid into the treasury for their benefit.

It is pleasant to catch glimpses of economy even in trifles, and the striking out of five thousand dollars for boxes is still something to gain, although some members illnaturedly remarked that it would be fitter to strike at large objects in which millions of dollars were involved, and not be wasting time on trifles. Another member, not to be outdone, proposed to reduce the Army and Navy and also the Post Office expenses. An attempt to economise by refusing to supply members with newspapers was rejected, and one member said that he would rather vote for a double supply if they would be instrumental in diffusing a little more intelligence than was exhibited there on that occasion.

STATE.

SENATE.—There seems to be a dearth of interesting matter before the Senate, or we would be more correct in saying a dearth of all matter. We might say they are in session, and that embraces all. A bill to prevent the issue of false bills of lading was reported favorably, and also to punish the fraudulent transfer of property by shipowners.

ASSEMBLY.—A bill to authorize the trial of the Quarantine rioters, to be held in New York or Brooklyn, gave rise to an animated debate, in which both sides of the subject were strongly advocated. A bill to pay jurors $1 50 per day was introduced, but met with no encouragement. There is a bill before the Assembly to license keepers of boarding-houses, and when thus licensed they can detain the personal property of defaulting boarders, and after three months they may be sold to pay the debt and interest. A bill to punish prize-fighting is under consideration, which, if it passes into law, will be instrumental in breaking up this brutal amusement. It decrees one year imprisonment for arranging a fight, if it results in death the principals are to be held guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, and those present abetting guilty in the third degree. A member offered a substitute providing for the punishment of those arranging or participating in a fight. It empowers any magistrate to arrest all persons suspected of being implicated in a fight as witnesses; also to arrest any parties taking part in any fight to take place in this State, or in any fight made in this State to take place elsewhere.

MUNICIPAL.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—The Board received a communication from the Mayor in relation to the bills at present before the Legislature regarding the proposed increase of the number of our city railroads. The interference of the Legislature he considers highly objectionable, as they cannot possibly know as well as the Common Council whether such roads are desirable, and also as it would be the means of depriving the city of a large revenue, which might be realized by their sale. He suggests that the Legislature be memorialized in behalf of the municipal authorities of this city against the passage of any laws authorizing grants for the construction of railroads through any of the streets or avenues of the city, unless the Common Council shall first ask for the passage of such laws. The communication was referred to the Committee on Railroads.

BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.—The Common Council having resolved to extend the hospitalities of the city to the 42d regiment of Highlanders, who are expected to arrive in a few days; a committee was appointed by this Board to receive them

A petition was submitted by the citizens of the Tenth ward against the erection of the new county jail on a lot now occupied by a hook and ladder company in Eldridge street.

The Common Council have been unsuccessful in their attempt to obtain salaries, the Mayor having vetoed their resolution calling for an amended charter, which would make their office a salaried one. The office of City Inspector has become a bone of contention among our city fathers, or rather the question who shall fill it—some declaring it vacant, while others are determined to recognize Mr. Morton as City Inspector until his successor be legally appointed. The Board have not yet made up their minds whether they will appropriate a suitable sum to celebrate Washington's birthday. The original appropriation of $2,000 was lost, it being considered insufficient for the purpose. A re-action, however, having set in and economy being the order of the day, it was proposed to reduce it to $1,000, but no definite action was had on the subject.

MISSIONARIES OF ST. PAUL.

We learn from The Charleston Miscellany that the Rev. Father Hewit of this congregation is now in Charleston, soliciting aid for his Institute.

We copy the following from the editorials of The Miscellany:

"We need only call attention to the circular of the Paulist Fathers, and the card appended, of the Rev. F. Hewitt. The enterprize is not local, but truly national, the future benefits of which are destined to reach every section of the country; so that it is the duty of all generously to share in the good work of contributing to its foundation."

HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

Business has not been so brisk as the dealers could wish, but as the public appetite is generally a good standing customer for market dealers, and as it very seldom falls below the usual standard, sales will no doubt become more lively before another week passes over. In the multiform article of Poultry there is an advance on the last quoted prices, and the sales are said to be pretty fair for the demand on the part of the marketmen. Beef is somewhat higher than last week, and it is a difficult matter to get healthy looking or good Veal. Indeed, we would advise our readers to pay particular attention to the kind and quality of the latter named article, as some Veal of a most dubious description has made its appearance in the market. We may add that twelve carcasses were pounced upon by the Health Warden as unfit for sale, and dispatched to Barren Island, a place where all the carrion and offal of the city are sent.

There is an advance in the price of Butter and Cheese, and the Eggs for sale have such a diminutive appearance, that if hatched, they must have inevitably produced a brood of pigmy fowl.

In other respects the market has undergone little change worth noticing.

MEATS.	
Beef, roasting piec's..13@16	
.. sirloin steaks..18@15	
.. porter-house..18@—	
.. rump steaks..10@14	
.. chuck rost...12@14	
.. corned.....9@12	
.. smoked.....12@—	
.. smoked t'ng'e75@100	
.. pickled tongue.75@80	
Mutton, hind q'r's.. 8@10	
.. fore q'r's.....6@ 8	
.. chops.....10@12	
Pork, fresh.....11@12	
.. salted.....10@—	
.. hams.....12@14	
.. smoked bacon.12@—	
.. corned.....10@—	
.. smoked jowls.10@—	
.. larding pork..12@—	
.. lard.....14@—	
.. sausages.....11@12	
.. Bologna.12@25	
Veal, hind quarters.12@14	
.. fore quarterr..9@—	
.. cutlets.....16@18	
POULTRY AND GAME.	
Chickens, ₩ lb...11@12	
Ducks, tame, ₩ lb...16@18	
Geese.....10@12	
Turkeys.....13@15	
Squabs, ₩ doz..3 50@3 00	
Partridges, do....1 62@—	
Squirrels.....10@12	
Venison .....11@15	
Wild turkeys,ea2 00@2 25	
Ducks, wild...87 50	
Mallard, ₩ pair....100@—	
Widgeon, do.....75@—	
Canvass back,doz 00@3 00	
Teal.....62@—	
Quail.....2 00@2 25	
Hare, per pair.....62@—	
Rabbits, do.....37 a 50	
Wild geese, each...75 a 1 00	
Guinea hens.....62 a 75	
FISH.	
F'h salmon trout ₩ lb.12 a 15	
Southern shad...75@100	
Smelt.....10@12	
Cod.....5@ 6	
Striped bass.....15@18	
Flounders.....3@ 5	
Pickerel.....12@—	
Blackfish.....8@—	
Eels.....10@12	
Perch.....8@10	
Pike.....12@—	
Frostfish.....12@—	
Haddock.....6@—	
Whitefish.....12 a —	
Salt mack'l ₩ bbl, $16 a 18	
Shore, No. 1.....18 a —	
Halifax, No. 1.....$13 50	
Codfish, ₩ lb.....5 a —	
Smok'd mack, ₩bl.19 & 13	
do do bunch, ₩ bl.12 a 50	
Smok'd salm., ₩lb..18 a 20	
Salt salmon.....15 a —	
Smoked halibut....10 a 12	
Alewives, ₩ 100...$1 25	
Sounds and tongues 8 a —	
Shell oysters, ₩ 100..50a250	
Clams.....25a100	
Soft clams.....25a1—	
Scollops, ₩ quart..37 a 00	
Lobsters, ₩ lb.....6 a —	
Crabs, per dozen..15 a 18	
VEGETABLES.	
Potatoes, p.b., ₩ b.2 00@—	
Mercers, do....1 25@1 50	
Junes, do.....1 50@—	
Nova Scotia.....4 00@—	
Sweet.....4 00@—	
Onions, w. ₩ bbl..4 50@—	
" Yellow, do..3 75@—	
" Red, do..3 50@—	
Turnips, w. ₩ bbl.1 25@—	
Rutabaga, do....1 25@—	
Parsley, ₩ doz ...0 50@—	
Spinach, ₩ bbl....1 00@—	
Oyster plant ₩ b.0 10@—	
Cauliflow's ahead.0 16@—	
Beets, ₩ basket...0 62@—	
Cabbage, ₩ head..0 6@0	
Squash, ₩ bbl....3 25@—	
Carrots, ₩ bush..0 62 a —	
Parsnips, ₩ bask't0 62 a —	
Garlic, ₩ bunch..0 6 a 8	
Celery, ₩ doz....0 7 a 14	
Leeks, ₩ bunch..0 6 a 8	
FRUIT.	
Apples, Spitz, ₩ bl.2 50 a 5	
Gilliflowers, do..3 00 a 3 25	
Russets, do....3 00 a —	
Cranberries, do..10 00 a 12	
Pumpkins, each..9 a 18 a 12	
Messina oranges, doz25 a 50	
Havana do.....50 a —	
Lemons, ₩ box...4 00 a —	
PICKLES.	
Onions, ₩ gal....0 50 a —	
Onions, ₩ doz....0 12 a 18	
Pepper Mangoes..0 25 a 31	
Beans, ₩ qt.....0 10 a 12	
Cauliflowers.....0 4 a 5	
N. Y. Pep'rs, ₩ 100..0 36 a 50	
Gherkins do.....0 36 a 75	
H'seradish, ₩ doz..0 62 a 1	
BUTTER, &c.	
Best Butter, ₩ lb 0 28 a 30	
Inferior do.....0 25 a —	
Western do.....0 17 a 19	
Cheese, ₩ lb.....0 9 a 18	
Eggs, ₩ doz.....0 24 a —	
Honey, ₩ lb.....0 12 a 20	

LITERATURE.

LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION AND PARAGUAY. Being a narrative of the exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent countries, during the years 1853, '54, '55, and '56. Under the orders of the United States Government. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition; with map and numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

There is no species of composition which has such a charm for young and old as narratives of travel and adventure, and no one has done more to eradicate time-honored errors and substitute correct ideas in their stead, than the intelligent, observing traveller. And this not in geographical knowledge alone, nor in geology, botany, mineralogy and other sciences which may be considered dependent on it, but in ethnological differences in the mental and moral characteristics of different people. No country has done so much in this field in proportion to the length of its national existence as the United States; and the men to whom she has confided the charge of her exploring expeditions have been admirably suited to the work. In fact no body of men are better qualified for this onerous task than officers of the navy—who are generally selected—by their thorough training, their practical scientific knowledge, their freedom from national and sectarian prejudices, and their enlarged habits of thought. And not only have their reports been reliable statements of facts, but they have been valuable additions to standard literature of the day. They are not mere descriptions of scenery or dissertations on national manners or customs, but they contain an immense amount of original information, astronomical and meteorological observations, valuable statistics, scientific data, extending over an immense area and stretching from pole to pole.

They have explored the Southern Ocean, and turning northward gazed upon the mysterious circumpolar sea, whose existence they have been the first to discover and announce; they have penetrated into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, and broken down the exclusiveism of Japan, weighed the waters of the Dead Sea, sounded the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, explored the wilds of Darien, and the windings of "the mighty Orillana."

The book before us is free from all literary pretension. It is clearly and pleasingly written, and while giving traits of character and vivid descriptions of scenery, preserves the thread of the narrative unbroken and the main object of the enterprise always in view. The people seem to have made a favorable impression on our author, and we do not wonder uniting as they do the frank hospitality of the Arab with the grace and dignity of the Castilian, the accomplishments of civilized with the unsophisticated manners of pastoral life.

Vocal and instrumental music is cultivated by these Spanish-American ladies to an extent not known among us, and Captain Page knows not which to admire most, the purity of their voices or the brilliancy of their execution. They play on the harp, guitar and piano, the last named instruments being carried hundreds of miles in ox wagons; and he does not hesitate to say that outside of a concert-room, he never heard in the United States anything that could compare with their style, so expressive and so finished. Dancing is the national passion indulged in at all times; it is the heightener of every pleasure, and the panacea for every grief. They can imagine no greater relaxation after toil than a fatiguing dance, kept up for hours with unabated vigor.

There are few inns in La Plata, and the hospitality of the people renders the traveller indifferent about a circumstance which in other lands would be of paramount importance to him. On this point the gallant Captain says:

"I cannot too often bear testimony to the hospitality that characterizes all classes in La Plata. Dread of exposing the poverty or simple arrangements of their households, never seemed to check a kind impulse. At a ranch where a hide cot was the best piece of furniture, and a wooden bowl of hominy the most luxurious supper, we were always kindly welcomed. Our reception in all the cities of the Argentine Confederation, the notices of the press, the enthusiasm of the men and women in anticipation of benefit to their country from a development of its river system, were most grateful. Those few days of recreation repaid me for many vexatious disappointments in carrying out the objects of the work confided to me. With pleasure do I recall my intercourse with these Spanish-American friends, and physically able as I was to endure all the discomforts of an explorer's life, most refreshing did I find the comforts of their city homes."

These South American Republics possess the same natural characteristics—the soil of each is fertile, the climate salubrious in a remarkable degree, and the face of the country beautifully diversified. Buenos Ayres, where it borders on Chili, possesses this last requisite in greater perfection than its sister Republics, and to it the following extracts refer:

Before crossing the Dulce, or Tala, which courses a mile and a half east of the City of Tucuman, we passed through a fine tract of woodland. The air was redolent with the perfume of acacias through a natural avenue through which the road lay. But rising above all minor growth of mimosæ was the cevil—as embellishing to its native forests as useful in the industrial establishments of the country. Its smooth, tall, limbless trunk has an umbrella-shaped crowning, every bough and twig of which is completely hidden by a mass of deep green fringed foliage, and at the season of bloom by clusters of delicate white flowers. In this forest ride we had the enlivenment of Nature's gay-plumaged vocalists, and, as in many parts of La Plata, trunks and limbs of trees were inwrapped and festooned with beautiful climbing plants. The dews are very copious, and their refreshing influence, as well as that of an admirable system of natural and artificial irrigation by a distribution of the waters of the Dulce, or Tala, was very apparent in the increased exuberance and activity of vegetation.

Weary of the monotony of grassy levels, impossingly grand, refreshing to all the senses was the panorama of mountains that opened before us as we emerged from the forest. These were not the insulated masses or the hillocks of the pampas, but parts of a great system—a section of the Andean ranges. Now clearly defined, the Sierras of Catamarca, their highest summits white with perpetual snows, bounded the horizon west, and from them extended east, diminishing in height with the regularity of successive steps, a series of sierras and serranias. North, and some two or three miles from the city, opened a broad longitudinal valley, inclosed west by the principal range, and east by a detached elevation. The serranias, with their bare but verdant summits and slopes clothed with majestic forests, had all the stately proportion of mountains; and between them were grassy ridges several hundred feet in height, sloping gently to lateral valleys, watered by many small rivers which find an outlet in the Tala at distances varying from one to twelve leagues.

By appointment I joined Senor Pose, our friend the doctor, and several other gentlemen, in an excursion to the country. A ride of two or three miles over a part of the plain, dotted by a few dwellings, which were generally shaded by fine trees, and surrounded by cultivated fields, brought us to the base of one of the steps of the Cordilleras. Passing through a forest of noble trees, which looked as if they might represent a growth of many centuries, we reached the unwooded but grassy summit of the mountain. Here the landscapes spread out around us, brilliant with the many tints, the light and shadows which in tropical countries so enrich the views of Nature, were extraordinarily varied, and in their characteristic elements we recognized much both of the majesty and beauty of creation. West, the snow-capped summits of the Catamarca Mountains towered majestically above all lesser eminences; north and south extended a lower range longitudinally; and east was the plain of Tucuman, stretching out to those vast and grassy levels through which we had wandered for so many months. Southward through it flowed the Tala or Dulce, its windings marked by a belt of wood, narrowing to a mere dark, thread-like line, until, with all other objects, it was lost in the blending of clouds and plain in the azure that bounded the horizon. At one point only, where the river makes a sudden bend east, were its waters visible, sparkling like burnished metal in the intense light that flooded the plain. The eye embraced, within the limits of a few miles, the vegetation of all zones. We looked down upon fields of ceralia, sugar plantations, and orange groves; upon rich pasture lands overspread with herds of cattle; into a series of valleys, with their miniature river system—a beautiful physical feature, and a beneficent provision for the economy of Nature in these regions of periodical rains. The air was delicately temperate; we inhaled the delicious tropical aromas; yet within a short distance of us were regions exhibiting all the dreary phenomena of perpetual Winter.

On November 2 we dined at the Governor's, where I met several of the principal citizens of Tucuman. The dinner was followed by a ball. Three rooms were crowded to excess, and many of the fairer portion of the guests were well dressed and handsome, fully meeting the noblest and most popular idea of the Spanish type of beauty. But it is the grace of the women, the *suaviter in modo* of the men, that most astonish a traveler in La Plata; for few of the inhabitants of the interior provinces had enjoyed even that intercourse with foreign society which a visit to Buenos Ayres would give; and as books, and especially new books, were not among their luxuries, they had not even the opportunities which they would afford of acquiring a knowledge of the conventionalities of other countries.

As to the salubrity of the climate, we could not have any evidence more satisfactory and convincing than that afforded by Capt. Page, speaking from his own experience:

Such was the unusual absence of sickness among both officers and crew of the Water Witch, notwithstanding the exposure to which they were subjected, that I am constrained to pronounce Paraguay and those provinces of the Argentine Confederation which constituted the field of our operations among the healthiest regions of the earth. Its proximity to the tropics and physical character, judging from analogy, might, on a superficial knowledge of it, convey a very different idea.

Of the mineral riches of these countries, their rare and valuable woods, their dyestuffs, their tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, the writer speaks intelligently and favorably. Fruits of delicious flavor, and flowers of exxuisite perfume, add to its natural attractions, and, in short, these favored Republics seem an earthly paradise.

Our readers are aware that the object of this expedition was to open up the Paraguay and its affluents to commerce by proving that it was navigable. This object was fully attained. No obstacles were encountered that could not be easily overcome, and the enthusiasm of the people augured well for the future success of the project. The only governmental opposition to the survey proceeded from President Lopez of Paraguay, though he eventually withdrew his opposition and permitted them to ascend the river to a certain point. That Paraguay would receive incalculable advantage from opening up her territories and improving her river system is patent to any one; with such natural advantages as she possesses, such superabundance of natural wealth and valuable exports, what may not Paraguay and all those kindred States become at no distant day? In the La Plata basin lies the neucleus of a commercial empire that will rival New York and San Francisco.

We may return to the subject of this work at some future time, when we shall give further and more interesting extracts therefrom.

THE LORD OF NORLAW, A SCOTTISH STORY. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lilliuleaf Orphans," "The Days of My Life." New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very interesting story of Scottish life, in which we are introduced to an old lady who is a mild specimen of the "*chere mere*" school, and her three sons. Losing their property after their father's death, the eldest son sets out for Australia, where, we may say *en passant*, our author does not invite us to follow, although in anticipation we felt the long grass of its park-like sheep walks pleasant to our feet. These golden visions by which heroes are always buoyed up, and which never fail to be realized—in books, for there the author has it all his own way, and deals poetical justice all round—nerves him to bear the separation. In the present instance our author has been very moderate, and has not permitted his hero seriously to impoverish the colonies. As a compensation, however, he is reinstated in his patrimonial estate on his return, and for the How and the Why we refer our readers to the book itself.

THE EMIGRANT AND THE EMIGRANT RUNNERS.—Our readers will see from an advertisement in another column, that The Sunday Courier of the 13th inst. is to contain a narrative of the perils and vicissitudes of the emigrant on his passage from the Old World to the New, with information for emigrants and all who take an interest in their welfare.

THE "WHITE LADY" OF BERLIN.—Singular reports are in circulation here (states a correspondent from Berlin), which we relate as signs of the public feeling. It is rumored that the White Lady has appeared in the Palace. According to tradition, the White Lady is an ancestor of the house of Hohenzollern, who is never seen except when the Royal Family is menaced with some grave and disastrous event. It is said that her appearance generally announces the death of the reigning prince, but on this occasion another signification is given to it. The present rumor is, moreover, founded on a very singular circumstance. There is living in this city a man, named John, who enjoys great popularity among the lower classes, and who occupies himself very much with prophecies and predictions. He has been several times punished by the Correctional Police for his false-hoods. Whenever any important occurrence takes place, the general cry is, "John predicted it." He is now in prison for having, it is said, foretold the birth of a prince, accompanied by a disastrous event. In popular opinion, the prediction of John and the appearance of the White Lady are connected with each other, and there are many who feel uneasy as to what may happen. A lady of honor of the Princes Frederick Charles, and Mlle. de Galtz, sister of the former, are said to have been the first who saw the apparition. An inquiry has been set on foot to discover the person who, for a stupid joke, must have given rise to the report, by assuming the costume of the White Lady.

THE WHIMS OF GENIUS.—Haydn, when he sat down to compose, dressed himself with the greatest care; had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Frederick II. had given him a diamond ring, and Haydn declared that if he happened to begin without it he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on a copperplate. After all these minute preparations, he began by choosing the theme of his subject, and fixing into what keys he wished to modulate, and he varied the action, as it were, of his subject, by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance.—Gluck, when he felt himself in a humor for composing, had his piano-forte carried into a beautiful meadow, and, with a bottle of champagne on each side of him, transported his imagination to Elysium.—Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the funereal stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.—Cimaroza delighted in noise and mirth, surrounded by a party of gay friends, he seized and embodied them. In this way he planned that beautiful comic opera, "Il Matrimonia Segreto."—Paesiello composed his "Barbiere de Seviglia," and "La Molinara," in bed.—And Sacchini declared that he never had moments of inspiration except his two favorite eats were sitting on each shoulder.

A JACOBITE RELIC IN FRANCE.—An interesting discovery has just been made at Nonancourt, in the department of the Eure. The parish priest of that village had in the vestry of his church, an ornament called *bourse*, which is used to cover the chalice in carrying it from the vestry to the altar and back. This *bourse* was worn out, and had not been used for some time. It had, however, been very rich, being composed of scarlet silk, embroidered with gold. The priest took it to pieces in order to have it repaired, and in the lining he found a paper with the following words written on it, and spelled in the old French orthography: "I am the *cordon* of James, the last King of Great Britain of the family of the Stuarts. If you wish to know how it happened that I was converted into an ornament, read the history of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans during the minority of Louis XV. Given to the Church in 1753, by Madame l'Hopital." The history of that period mentions that the Pretender, son of James II, escaped assassination at Nonancourt in the year 1715, through the presence of mind and courage of Madame l'Hopital, grandmother of the Hon. M. l'Hopital, late Mayor of Evreux. It may be inferred from this discovery that the Pretender left his *cordon* of the Order of the Bath with Madame l'Hopital, as he was forced to assume a disguise in order to escape from the assassins. According to Saint-Simon, Madame l'Hopital died in 1740, and her daughter-in-law gave the *cordon* to the Church.

USES OF THE POTATO.—The uses to which the potato may be put besides the obvious ones of food, starch, sugar and spirits, are much more various than most people are aware of. In Thuringia and Saxony it is made into a kind of cheese, which will last for years if kept in close vessels. To pursue the description given in The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture: "It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them when cold to a pulp, rejecting the skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to five lbs. of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade. In some parts of Germany, potatoes are put to another use. The lower classes are accustomed to incorporate them, after being steamed and reduced to a paste, with the butter to be spread over bread. It thus goes farther where economy is studied; and, that it may longer be preserved, is often salted. It will surprise many to learn that a mode has been suggested by a French chemist for converting potatoes into a substance like coffee. He mixes some of the best olive oil with a certain portion of dried potato flour, and then adds a small quantity of coffee powder. He asserts that this will produce a liquor more agreeable than coffee. Chemical ingenuity has likewise converted this most useful root into substitutes for many other articles—as chocolate, tapioca and vermicelli. The use of potato starch instead of arrow root I have already mentioned; and much of it is at present sold under the name of arrow root, and in France under that of *fecule de pomme de terre*. A chemist in Copenhagan has discovered that the flowers of the plant may be used in dyeing. By this means a beautiful yellow color may be obtained, which is solid and durable. By plunging the color into blue it becomes a perfect green. It has likewise been found that the juice contained in the potato will produce a grey color of great beauty. The liquor drawn off in the process of making potato starch will clean silk, woolens or cottons without damage to the texture or color. It is also good for cleaning wainscots. Potatoes are used with excellent effect in the boilers of steam engines, for preventing the gathering of a calcarous incrustation on the bottom, which is gradually deposited from the water employed. The potatoes give out a glutious substance, which entangles the particles in the water, and prevents them from incrusting the iron of the boiler. A medical use of the potato has been lately suggested in a valuable publication, namely, as a preventive of, and even cure for, the scurvy. Roasted potatoes were administered with perfect success to sailors afflicted with the disorder, after other approved medicines had been given in vain. As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, it seems probable that the remedy depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which boils out of potatoes, and which are retained in roasting."

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my aid and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

"✠JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

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Price per copy, for six copies or more.....2 00

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To transient advertisers....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers.....5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

THE CREDULITY OF RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM.

One of the striking features of modern times is the skepticism with which the mysteries of faith are regarded. Great religious principles and doctrines are measured by the laws of science, or tested by the rules of reason, and if they are found not to conform to both are rejected as unworthy of credence, or ridiculed as impositions on human credulity. Human science is exalted above divine revelation, and the mind, hemmed in by the narrow boundaries of its earthly habitation, aspires to sit in judgment upon things which are infinite, and which, being infinite, cannot be comprehended or grasped by the intellect of erring man. And yet while we deny the existence of that which we cannot see, there are few, if any of us, who do not entertain to a greater or less extent an undefined dread, a superstitious awe of what are after all but the creations with which our imaginations people the unseen spiritual world by which we are surrounded, and in the very midst of which we live. There are men who sneer and scoff at the mystery of the Incarnation who are still firm believers in the vagaries and impositions of spiritualism, and for whom the moving of a chair or a table has more of interest and importance than those great vital principles of faith, whose practical results are found in the innumerable and multiform institutions which have sprung up on the track of the Catholic Church, and which are the results of her teaching. The material world in which we live and move and have our being is full of mysteries—mysteries which science and reason have tried in vain to penetrate—mysteries which human knowledge has essayed again and again to unravel, but from the contest with which she has always retired defeated, though never humbled by a sense of her own incompetency.

While the mind, however, is unable to grasp the mysteries of creation, and acknowledges its inability to account for the various phenomena of the material world, it constitutes that same erring reason a tribunal, before which it summons the great mysteries revealed by the Deity himself, and by which it pretentiously judges of their truth, or their worthiness for human credence. The only ground, indeed, on which the decisions of reason are based, is the incomprehensible character of the mystery on which it sits in judgment, or what the audacity of unbelief has called its unreasonable absurdity. Strange, however, as it may seem, it is this very skepticism, —this unbelief of that which cannot be understood—this rejection of what God himself has made known, which has led to the adoption of all the ridiculous theories of the day, and which, out of the vague and undefined reveries of speculative philosophy, or the silly revelations and impositions of spiritualism, has created forms of religious belief. The man whose reason is sufficient for the rejection of Catholic doctrines, finds no difficulty in believing that through the medium of raps he is placed in communication with the spirits of departed relatives and friends. He will, with unquestioning credulity, listen to the revelations of mediums to whose impositions he becomes a submissive dupe, and to whose pretended revelations he yields a most willing assent. The reason which had sat in supreme judgment on the mysteries of religion is convinced by the glaring absurdities that now receive that credence which was denied to the principles of faith and the revelations of the Divinity. The result is the same, though in a different form, as that presented in the French Revolution, when men, having enthroned Reason as a God, plunged into excesses of the most terrific and revolting character. True, the deification of reason in our own immediate day, is not productive of such fearful results, but while its consequences to society are not marked by those terrific excesses, its effects on the mental and moral character of individuals is no less injurious. From the belief in rapping, in table tipping, and all the other strange manifestations and latest developments which have been seized by the spirit of skepticism, and established as a creed, the progress of credulity is so rapid that the deified reason which it set out with as a guide, has long since been left behind and is now far out of sight. Reports are absolutely published of the doings of the spirits in the other world, and we are informed what particular trade or business each is pursuing, and the precise spiritual sphere which he occupies. By all this, reason is absolutely degraded and reduced to the condition of a slave, so that its supremacy is, after all, a mere mockery, and its liberty nothing but a name.

It is with Swedenborgianism as with Spiritualism and the other later creeds of modern times. They are all the results of that skepticism whose fruits are seen in the excessive credulity which a belief in their pretended revelations demand.

From an unwillingness to believe the mysteries of faith the change is so radical and so complete that the religious skeptic is ready to believe anything. But the vagaries to which it gives rise are the least of the evils that spring from skepticism and from the errors which are the inevitable consequence of the deification or the supremacy of reason. When the mysteries are once rejected the other principles of Faith can never be held in all the fulness of their spirit—they are the parts of one great whole, the unity of which can never be preserved where the privilege of accepting this and rejecting that is permitted. It is this fullness of faith which characterizes the Catholic Church above all others, and which is the distinctive mark by which she has been known through all past, as she will be in all future ages—this which has stamped her with that unity and universality by which she may be always and certainly distinguished.

INTELLECTUAL RECREATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

There are some seven or eight theatres in New York, one opera-house, three or four bands of negro minstrels, and, to use a common phrase of the day, "any number" of concert-halls and other places of public amusement. At all of these the aggregate nightly receipts is somewhere between ten and fifteen thousand dollars, which would give a yearly total of about three millions, at a moderate calculation. We learn that in one place of amusement alone such is the success of a particular play that it has been performed more than one hundred nights, and that over one hundred and eighty thousand persons have been present at it. We state these facts not for the purpose of preaching a homily or delivering a moral lecture upon the subject—we have another object in view than that of the purely moral aspect of the question, and we shall content ourselves with looking at it from one point of observation solely.

We desire to show that while there is no want of amusement in New York, it is of that particular kind which is to be had only for money, and from which those who are in want of that essential requisite are inevitably excluded. There is no lack of theatres, concert halls, and such like places of recreation, but there is not in the whole city of New York, with its three-quarters of a million of inhabitants, a single free gallery of paintings in which the poorer classes might obtain a glimpse even of the world of art, of that world which we are told by the dilletanti and critics of the day has done so much for the elevation and refinement of the mind and the cultivation of the intellect. True there is the Dusseldorf gallery, but the worthy gentleman who guards the entrance is inexorable in his demand for the admission fee of twenty-five cents, and the price is certainly not exorbitant for those who have the means. Whether the price is or is not extravagant, however, it does not alter the case so far as our view of the subject is considered—it is not a free gallery, and that is all we say in regard to its character. The want of such an institution has, it is true, long been felt, and several spasmodic efforts we believe have been made at various times to supply the deficiency, but they never resulted in anything practical, and the city is none the better for the attempts.

The remark as to the want of a free gallery of public paintings, is equally true of other great institutions for the intellectual education of the masses—even of that portion of the masses who have passed through our public schools, and who have thus been placed in possession of all the advantages which they are supposed to confer. With all our untold wealth, with our wonderful commercial growth, we have no great museum wherein the poor and the children of the poor may learn from practical observation something about the great world in which they live. We have no botanical or zoological gardens, no gallery of sculpture, no public hall in which free lectures are regularly delivered by the great scientific lights of the country on their various specialities. We have none of all those things, for with all our boasted freedom, and the benefits of a free education, we are in these matters, as in many others no less important, far behind the great cities of Europe. There is, it is true, our grand Central Park which is to be, but which is progressing at so slow a pace that it is exceedingly problematical whether any of the present generation shall ever see it finished. And this is considered sufficient to atone for our shortcomings in other respects, for our neglect of those other public institutions which are no less necessary for the recreation or improvement of the mind—whichever you will—than it is for the exercise and health of the body.

A few years ago, it may be remembered, the public mind was thrown into a pleasant state of excitement by a report that a number of our wealthy and princely-minded merchants had entered into an organization for the purpose, as it was stated, of raising sufficient funds to purchase Abbot's Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Several meetings of the society or committee, or whatever it was called, were held, but like other movements the affair was utterly barren of results—the committee found it impossible to raise the necessary amount, although the museum was offered at a price considerably below its actual value;—and the whole project fell through because the people would not lend their aid—in fact, as it must be acknowledged, for want of sufficient public spirit to carry it through.

We can hardly believe, however, that our people are so utterly blunted in their fine feelings by the materialism of the day as to be wholly indifferent to the beneficial influences which such institutions, when properly managed, exercise on the minds of all classes of society, the rich no less than the poor. To the want of such institutions we may, to no small degree, attribute that coarseness and brutality which characterize our lower strata of society, and which leave it almost wholly destitute of those redeeming traits that are to be found among the most degraded classes in the large capitals of Europe. What we want, then, for the people, and what we hope to see established in New York in one day is a free gallery of paintings, a public museum, botanical and zoological gardens, and all those other great public institutions for recreation and education which the American traveller sees in Paris and Rome and nearly all the capitals of Europe, and the want of which he soon finds when he institutes in this respect a comparison between them and the great Metropolis of the New World.

THE ADULTERATION OF ARTICLES OF FOOD.

There is, perhaps, no country in Christendom where less protection is afforded the people than in the United States against those who are secretly arrayed in opposition to the health, and even life, of the community. The adulteration of articles of food has long been a source of profit to this class, although we believe there is somewhere on our statute books a law which renders such a practice punishable with heavy penalty. Like many other occupations that are illegal, it is not only carried on, but the people know it so well that it is a common topic of conversation, and even to our official authorities, they have long ago ceased to trouble themselves about it if they ever gave the subject their attention. We may talk as much as we please about the lawless violence which is tolerated in our midst; we may rant about the majesty of the law, and the want of strong executive authority to keep this ruffianism in check; but these, after all, are not the greatest social evils we have to bear—there are those which lie still deeper and which find their source in the want of honesty in private character, as some of the other ills we endure have their origin in the corruption and venality of public life.

We all recollect what a state of excitement the community was thrown into by the exposure of the frauds practiced in the milk trade and the official investigation which was had into the charges preferred against those engaged in the work of adulteration—and we are all of us familiar with the results of the inquiry and the way in which the whole affair terminated. It was in all its phases but a repetition of a similar movement which took place in this city many years ago, and in which the public, as in this case, came off second best. A complete *expose* was made of the whole system, the public were stricken with horror and disgust at the revelations that were published, and for a while it really seemed as if a revolution had been commenced which must be productive of the most beneficial effects to society at large. The excitement, however, soon passed over; the public mind, becoming tired of the subject, finally relapsed into a state of utter indifference, and swallowed the atrocious compound which they were told was made up of chalk, magnesia, calves' brains, molasses and a lot of other disgusting ingredients, without a murmur.

The medical authorities told them such stuff was most destructive to the health of their children, and pointed to the excessive mortality among them in proof of their assertion; but except in some few cases their advice was unheeded, the adulterated milk was used almost as abundantly and as freely as ever, children died as rapidly, and the same order of things was resumed as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb them.

But milk, after all, is only one of a numerous list of articles which are subjected to this dishonest, criminal, and we may say homicidal practice of adulteration. Our coffee undergoes the same process so that it is a difficult matter to get it pure. The remark is no less true of tea, sugar, flour and other articles of daily consumption. "Sanding the sugar," and "herbing the tea" are so well known that the practice has been made the subject of many a humorous anecdote, illustrative to no inconsiderable extent of the good-humored indifference with which that most easily-imposed upon, and in some instances most stolid and most sluggish of all bodies—Society, regards the interest, the welfare, the very existence of its members. It is entirely useless for our present purpose to enumerate the various articles of food that are adulterated, a process to which nearly every kind of liquor that we drink is also subjected. These things are all too well known to need a repetition. We merely refer to them generally in the hope that public attention may, ere long, be again called to the subject, and that something effective may be done for the suppression of this criminal, this homicidal indifference to the health of society and to the very existence of its members.

We have said that society is easily imposed on, and that it is both stolid and sluggish, but we believe it can be urged into activity, and that when it is once thoroughly aroused it will make a clear sweep of all those abuses under which it has so long suffered.

THE CASE OF THE CATHOLIC MIDSHIPMEN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.—The following correspondence in the case of the Catholic midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy will be read with much interest:—

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1859.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Sir—I have received from the Secretary of the Navy the following letter, the contents of which will interest many of your readers. To explain it, I must premise that till now the Catholic midshipmen at the Naval Academy have not been permitted to hear Mass on Sundays, being required, on the contrary, to attend a Protestant service. About a year ago several of the students petitioned for liberty of conscience, but without success, the matter being considered to involve the uniformity of discipline in the navy. Lately, the effort has been renewed to obtain from the Department the relaxation of a rule which evidently violates the conscience and the religious equality of Catholics—with what success the letter itself shows:—

"NAVAL DEPARTMENT, Jan., 1859.

"Sir—I have received your letter of the 5th inst., in relation to the case of Acting Midshipman ———, and others, at the Naval Academy. The Department has issued an order which will permit the youths at the Academy, of the Catholic persuasion, to attend divine worship on Sundays at churches of their own faith.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servt.,

"ISAAC TOUCEY.

"J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON, Esq., New York."

I have only to add that while this decision does infinite honor to the liberality of the honorable Secretary of the Navy, the credit of effectively urging it should be mainly attributed to persons whom it would be indelicate in me to name, but whom the Catholic public will easily divine.

Your obedient servant,

J. V. HUNTINGTON.

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK—COLLECTION FOR THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.—The following amounts have been collected in the several Churches of the Diocese, for the American College at Rome:—

St. Fran's Xavier's	$508 00	Clifton	45 00
St. Mary's	505 65	Newburg	43 53
St. Peter's	414 00	Piermont	41 80
St. Stephen's	365 00	St. Paul's	41 00
St. Ann's	315 45	Yonkers	40 00
St. Joseph's	299 00	Morrisania	39 00
Cathedral	284 89	Goshen	35 00
St. Bridget's	248 95	Cold Spring	34 00
Holy Cross	209 37	Port Chester	33 81
Nativity	200 75	St. Nicholas'	33 17
St. Andrew's	188 00	Tarrytown	32 00
St. John Evangelist's	168 41	Sing Sing	30 85
Immaculate Conception	160 84	Haverstraw	30 00
Fordhamville	150 00	Port Jervis	28 94
Holy Redemption	147 13	Rossville	27 25
New Brighton	135 88	Assumption	27 15
Transfiguration	135 54	St. Francis Seraph's	25 00
Bookkeeping	130 00	St. Anthony's	20 00
St. Columba's	122 85	Channingsville	15 00
St. Michael's	105 00	St. John Baptist's	15 00
Portland	76 00	Melrose	14 00
St. Lawrence's	75 90	New Rochelle	10 00
St. Vincent de Paul's	73 41	Westchester	8 00
Fordham	60 89	St. James'	200 00
		Total	$5,932 88

THOMAS S. PRESTON, Chancellor.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION WITH MAN'S NATURE.

A LECTURE

BY THE REV. FATHER HECKER, FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. JOSEPH'S FREE SCHOOLS.

DELIVERED AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SUNDAY, FEB. 6.

Reported exclusively for The Metropolitan Record.

The announcement that a lecture would be delivered at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday evening last, for the benefit of the Free Schools of the Parish, attracted one of the largest audiences that has ever assembled within the walls of that edifice. All the pews on the ground floor and in the galleries were occupied, although the price of the tickets was fifty cents each. Even the aisles were thronged, and such was the demand for seats that the very chairs in the Pastor's house had to be brought into requisition. The Church, in fact, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the organ left had no inconsiderable audience of its own. The lecturer, Father Hecker, who is so well known to the literary world as the author of the "Aspirations of Nature," and the "Questions of the Soul," made his appearance in the pulpit about a quarter past seven. Among the clergy present beside the pastor, Father Brady, were the Very Rev. Mr. McCarron, the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, the Rev. Mr. Byrne, and Rev. Father Deshon of the Missionary Priests of St. Paul, of which Order Father Hecker is Superior.

The Rev. lecturer addressed the audience as follows:

I can assure you, my dear brethren, said he, it is with great pleasure that I am once more here before the congregation of St. Joseph's. It is here that I began my missionary career in the United States; it is here that we first witnessed the zeal and devotion of the Catholics of this country to the exercises of the mission, and I can also assure you that the Catholics throughout the country have heard of your zeal, and they have imitated it. Since that time we have been giving missions throughout the country, but I never could forget the spot where our missions received their first impetus, and I must also acknowledge that the reminiscences of the scenes of that mission are the most pleasant and consoling of my whole missionary life.

It is a strange and unnatural condition of things, when a large class of men in an intelligent community have no fixed religious belief. From various sources we learn that more than a majority of our American population who have arrived at the age of manhood, belong to no religious denomination. It is an important question—it is a profound question to ask why is this?—how does this happen? What has brought about this abnormal condition of things, where a large class of intelligent men have no religious belief? Is it that the American people are indifferent in religious matters? Are they infidel or irreligious? We think not. They are earnest, and susceptible of religious impressions to a remarkable degree. We have only to remember the scenes of the recent religious excitement in this city, when our merchants left their counting-rooms during business hours for prayer meetings, and when our places of public amusement were converted for the time being into places of public worship, to find answers to these questions. An enthusiasm was then enkindled that has no parellel except in the great religious movements known as the Crusades; and surely a people among whom such things take place cannot be considered indifferent in religious matters. I ask, then, what is the reason—how is it that so large a class of our intelligent men have no fixed religious belief? In my opinion, the principal reason for this is, that Christianity has been so divided and broken up by the prevailing systems of religious belief that intelligent men had no alternative between fanaticism or standing aloof from all religious sects or parties. Thus it is that they have repudiated all religion, because they find in none a religion which, while it coincides with the reason is still sufficient for all the wants of the heart. Now, are their demands unreasonable? We think not; for surely the Author of man's nature will never make a revelation to man which will contradict tha nature, but give us a religion which will find its fast foundations therein; for it is contrary to right reason to suppose that the Author of religion will give to man a revelation which requires him to undo in religion what he himself has done in creation. But you may ask where is this religion to be found?—a religion which is not only in harmony with man's reason but adequate to all the wants of his heart. It cannot be expected that in one lecture I shall be able to take up all the points of this subject. We must content ourselves with two points, the first of which is the relation of religion with the craving of man's heart for spiritual communion; and the second the relation of religion with that sentiment of respect which men always pay to things which have been revered by the wise, the good and the great.

My first question, then, is this—What is the relation of religion with that craving of man's soul for spiritual communion. But before I can speak of its relation to this, we must first discover and be sure that there is such an instinct in the human heart. Man, as you know, possesses a spiritual nature, and one of the powers of his soul reaches forth from the visible to the realms of the invisible, while one of the strongest cravings of his heart is to have communion with the inhabitants of the spiritual world. His nature delights in vast connections. To deny this would be to deny your own consciousness. Turn to the record of history and you will find on almost every one of its pages testimony to the workings of this instinct and the common belief of the race in the communion with the other world. Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, believed that he held constant conference with his guardian spirit. Read the lives of such men as Julius Cæsar, Mahomed, Nopoleon the First and other celebrated men of the world, and you will find the same testimony in favor of the workings of this instinct. Upon the pages of the poets, both ancient and modern, you will see stamped the evidences of this craving for spiritual communion. Examine the past ages of the world—go back to early Egypt, or to Greece or Rome—examine their systems and their worship, and you will find that this instinct plays a most important part. It is one of the essential elements of their construction. The more modern religions of the Goths, of the Britons and even of our own American Indians, prove that this instinct is one of the deepest of our nature. I say, it is one of the deepest, and it is also one of the most intense. One of our own poets gives most energetic expression to it when he says:—

"My spirit yearns
To bring the lost ones back—
Yearns with desire intense
To wring the bolts apart,
And pluck thy captives thence."

I appeal to your own countrymen in proof of it. Have any of you in standing by the grave of one you have loved, thought at that moment the sacred bonds of affection and love were severed. Oh, no! Perhaps at that moment, for the first time, you were made aware how strong those bonds were. And, perhaps, in grateful relief, you would exclaim "the living and the dead make one communion." I ask you to tell me what is the cause of spiritualism? Why is it that in ancient and in modern times men practiced magic and necromancy, and such like superstitions, if it were not from the belief that by such practices they were put *en rapport* with the spiritual world? Surely the religion which is given to man by his author will satisfy this religious instinct of his nature. Where will we find that revelation which answers and which is in harmony with man's nature? There are two parties which claim to have this revelation—the one Protestant, the other Catholic? Let us put our questions to each and listen to their answers. What has Protestantism done for this instinct of our nature? What has it to offer? How does it meet it? You know full well. It stands dormant and mute; if it speaks it is to disclaim it. It has cut off its relations with the spiritual world. Human nature is too strong, too deep in its instincts for this unnatural creed, and finding no support, no answer, it goes elsewhere to seek for it. Hence the origin of spiritualism in our day, for what else is it but this craving of man's heart for spiritual communion. Finding no answer or support in the prevailing religious belief, it goes about the realms of the dead to look for something that promises a support, no matter how feeble, for its deep, deathless cravings. It is pitiful to see men among our lawyers, judges, merchants, and even our Divines, endeavoring to satisfy the restless yearnings of their unsatisfied hearts by communication with spiritual mediums, table tipping and rapping women—disordering men's minds, opening the door to loose morality, and lending their efforts to the maintenance of a system which destroys the mental faculties and leads to premature death or suicide. I say, to this instinct Protestantism is dumb, and if religion is intended by Heaven to meet the wants of man's heart, surely Protestantism has most signally failed in leading his religious nature to its perfect and fullest development.

But we have now this question to put to the Catholic religion. How does she regard this craving of man for spiritual communion? Does she disclaim it or attempt to stifle it in the heart? Oh, no! she is the true mother of our soul. She welcomes and gives full scope to all its energies. She presents the highest object for its gratification. She opens to the vision of our soul the doors of Paradise, and there discovers to us the bright angels of Heaven and the blessed army of Saints who reign there with Christ. The Church triumphant in Heaven, the Church suffering in the place of purification, and the Church militant upon earth are bound together in unity by mysterious sympathies. The Communion of Saints, from apostolic times, has been and always will be an article of the Catholic faith. You will find it in her Catechism; and she also teaches that Divine Providence has appointed one of those blessed spirits to watch over us and guard us just as parents would send guides and a protection for their children, when going to a distance from them. So our Divine Father has sent an angel to guard and help each one of us on our path to Heaven. The Holy Scriptures are filled with examples of the benefit which the soul derives from this association with angels. You may remember how the angel was appointed to guard over Tobias—and how refining must be the idea, how elevating to the thoughts of men, the faith which teaches that the bright angels of Heaven accompany them through life. Oh, how consoling is the thought that they watch and guard over us, preventing us from falling into the dangers by which we are surrounded. The good Catholic believes that there is one of those celestial companions always watching over him and guiding him on the way to the eternal Jerusalem. But our relations with the spiritual world are not exhausted by our fellowship with angels. The Holy Catholic faith teaches us that the Saints reigning with Christ offer up prayers for man, and that it is good to invoke their prayers to obtain favors from the Almighty God. Now by this doctrine we are placed in relation with the armies of martyrs, and those holy Saints who have gone before us; and by this communion we are, so to speak, made companions on earth with the Saints who are in Heaven. The Catholic Church teaches that we are also related to the blessed departed; it teaches us that there is a place where the just, after death, are detained till they are purified and prepared to enter their heavenly country. Oh, how touching is this relation of the living father towards the deceased son, of the living wife to the deceased husband, of the living brother to the deceased sister! Oh, truly the Catholic religion makes the invisible world visible to the eyes of the souls of all her children. She does not cease her hold upon the soul till it enters Heaven and is received in the bosom of its God. You perceive, then, how the Catholic religion answers this spiritual craving of the human heart; how she opens to the vision of the soul the realms of the invisible, and how, by our relations with the angels, the saints, and with the blessed dead, this instinct finds full scope for all its energies. It finds in this the highest gratification, and is brought by it to the most perfect bliss; it leads man onward to his own sublime destiny. Oh yes, the Catholic religion presents a strong contrast to that which claims to be a Spiritual Christianity—a religion which cuts off our connection with the blessed spirits of the dead—a religion which strikes out of its creed the Communion of Saints as superstition, and admits the fellowship with wicked spirits. What a contrast it presents to that holy religion which opens Heaven to the eyes of our soul and shows us the glorious spirits who dwell in eternal happiness with their God. Surely, then, if the religion of man's Author,—if the great end of that religion is to satisfy the wants of man's heart—the Catholic religion most perfectly fulfills its mission.

Intimately connected with this craving for spiritual communion is the sentiment of respect which men always pay to things hallowed by the good and the great—"A sentiment which hallows in the very core of the human heart the ruin of a wall where dwelt the wise and wondrous." Perhaps there is not one here who has not some heart treasure—it may be a trifle from some dear friend or relative—it may be a miniature—perhaps a lock of hair—that reminds him of the one for whom he had a love and affection while living—there is scarcely a family that has not treasured up some relic of its ancestry, something which it transmits from generation to generation with feelings almost akin to veneration. Nations erect costly mounments to the honesty of their statesmen, the bravery of their generals or to the benefactors of humanity. You can hardly enter a street in any of the European capitals without seeing some monument to the great men of the country. If you go to France what do you see there? You can scarcely turn your eyes that you do not find some monument to remind you of the great Napoleon the First. Go to England, and not satisfied with raising statues of her great men on high pillars in the public streets, you will find that she places them in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church, and with her soldiers, her statesmen, she also raises those of her poets and her great literary men. On returning home we find this same instinct working in our large cities. In Philadelphia, in New York, in Richmond, in Savannah, in Boston, monuments are erected to the heroes of the Revolution, and above all others to the Father of his Country, George Washington. Go to the Patent Office at Washington, and you will find a full suit which he once wore, and which is now treasured up. The coat of General Jackson and the sword he used at the Battle of New Orleans are also there. There are those Americans who prize a walking cane that is made of the old frigate Constitution. It was but the other day that the present possessor of Mount Vernon estate made known the fact that he had sold twelve thousand dollars' worth of timber for the manufacture of Mount Vernon canes and walking sticks. It is the same instinct that made our own citizens cut up the cable that they might have it manufactured into ornaments for watch chains, and you all remember with what loud huzzas it was carried up Broadway. So far does this sentiment carry men sometimes that I have heard that a Protestant divine, at a supper which was given to Cyrus W. Field, related the following anecdote, which affords in itself a strong illustration of this instinct. He had, it appears, delivered a lecture at a neighboring town, and in the course of his remarks exhibited to his audience a piece of the cable. An old man who was on his dying bed heard of the occurrence, and the next day the minister had a message from him. He said if he could only see the cable he would die in peace, and the minister, in compliance with this natural desire, with this instinct of the heart, had it brought to him, and I have no doubt when he saw it he was ready to die in peace. In truth, there is no instinct of our nature that is more natural than this love for things that have been associated with the good, the wise and the great. There is an association of ladies, and what for? The Association extends over the whole Union, and the object for which they have associated and to carry out which they have made use of every means within their power, is the purchase of the estate of Mount Vernon, which has been hallowed by the footprints of the Father of his Country. I say this is right—it is noble, and shows that those virtues which men like to honor are not extinct in their own bosoms. What, you ask, does all this mean? What is its relation to religion? Let me illustrate this point. Here is a young man—you see him gazing upon something with sad looks. It is a memento of his dear mother—it reminds him of the scenes of his youth, of his mother's advice, her good counsels—tears trickle down his cheeks—he thinks what grief would be in that mother's heart if she knew that those good counsels were forgotten, and how his soul is now a wreck and a ruin. Thinking of these things, his heart remembers once more his mother's look—he takes courage, makes new resolves, and lays that memento in some secluded spot where he will be enabled to think of his mother's advice. Again, you see here in our public square a statue of Washington, and behold a man standing near by—he is riveted to the spot, his bosom heaves, his heart beats, and his face glows with the thoughts that fill his mind. What took place in his heart when he was looking at that statue? His mind recalled the virtues of Washington, he thought of his disinterestedness, of his courage, of his self-sacrifice, of his love of country, and while those virtues were passing before his mind he felt himself ennobled, and went away resolved to imitate, as far as he had the ability and the opportunity, the Father of his Country. You tell me no such thing took place in his heart—then he was no man and had not the heart of an American beating in his bosom. And why, when the cable was passing up Broadway, did the people receive it with such enthusiasm and such rejoicing. Did they worship the gutta percha and the copper wire? By no means; but the gutta percha and the copper wire wakened in their hearts feelings of brotherhood—they felt that this continent was connected with another, and that the unity of the race, the great universal brotherhood of man was re-established. The statues and the paintings of the dead call to our minds the great deeds, the virtues and the genius of those they represent. Having now found out this instinct and its meaning, let us ask ourselves this question again—what answer has Catholicity and Protestanism made to this deep popular instinct? Any one who knows anything about the Reformation, knows full well that the Reformers did their utmost to destroy everything that might satisfy this sentiment. They broke to pieces the statues and the paintings which represented Christ and the holy martyrs and saints. They even broke open the tombs of the martyrs, and scattered their dust to the winds of heaven; they robbed the temple of God, and to complete their work they whitewashed the pictured walls, leaving nothing but a blank, which was emblematic of their own barren creed. Such is the answer of Protestanism to this sentiment of respect which men pay to things hallowed by the old, the just and the good. The Catholic Church, with a divine insight into the human heart, recognizes in it the workmanship of God. Hence she gives this instinct full scope. She says you raise costly monuments to the great men you delight to honor. This is good—raise also your great monuments to your religion and to the heroes of Christianity—gaze upon the representation of your Divine Redeemer—look upon his heroes of virtue and love and devotion, and be ennobled—elevate your sentiments to the high claim of existence—in other words, when you enter a Catholic temple you may do so with your whole nature, and find there the fullest and highest gratification. Hence it is you will see in the Catholic Church the images of God's saints and angels. The first thing that attracts the attention of the Catholic is the crucifix. What does that represent? It tells him how his Lord suffered for him—how much He loved him, and by that sight is awakened in his heart a reciprocal love.

So it is when he sees the images of the Saints. What do they tell him? They tell one thing not to be mistaken—they tell him we, too, were born like you, with the same passions—we had the same struggles—we have conquered and are now triumphant in Heaven, reigning with Christ our Saviour. You see, then, how nobly the Catholic Church meets this want of the human heart. But perhaps I may be told this is all contrary to the spirit of Christianity—these things are not required—they are an appeal to man's senses—to the passions. Well, suppose they are, what then? Did not God give us those senses and those passions, and should we exclude from his worship such an essential part of his nature. You say it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity. You tell us you want nothing outward—Christianity is a spiritual religion, and we must worship God in spirit. I ask you what is the great mystery of Christianity? You will say it is the Incarnation. But what is it? It is the eternal and invisible Deity becoming visible—it is the Word made Flesh. So, stickler for spiritual worship, you must do away with the Incarnation if you want no appeal to your senses.

We read in the life of the Blessed Redeemer that he was baptized, that he blessed little children, that he consecrated bread and wine. Now, all these things are an appeal to the senses. Oh, well! away, then, with all sacraments in this spiritual worship. What is more, when his time was come he was apprehended and brought before the Judge; he was scourged and a crown of thorns was put upon his head, a reed placed in his hand, and in this pitiable state he was shown to the populace, who cried, "Crucify him—crucify him!" After this he was condemned, a heavy cross was put upon his shoulders, he was taken to Mount Calvary, where he was stretched upon it and shown to the whole world. Why all this suffering? Why all this appeal to the senses? No one can deny that Christ could save the world by a sigh in quiet retirement and silence. But why did he do this? You want no appeal to the senses. You are a man who would give us Christianity without Christ, and a religion without any worship. Our Blessed Redeemer understood human nature much better. He was the author of the human heart. He understood every one of its sentiments, and he knew full well that when he should suffer he would attract all hearts to him, and, therefore, he said, "When I shall be lifted up I will draw men unto me." This ignoring of the instincts of the heart is, after all, only a pretense to take the name of a Christian without any Christianity whatever.

Another class will say—well, all that is right, but you Catholics carry the thing too far—you are superstitious—you are idolatrous. This is a very mild assertion; but I would like to ask him how he knows that? If we be idolatrous give us your evidence. I think there is not a Catholic who would not be willing to spill the last drop of his blood rather than be guilty of idolatry. You all know how the sainted sires of early Christianity offered up their lives rather than burn a grain of incense upon a heathen altar; and yet we are accused of this crime to avoid which our Christian forefathers spilt their blood. If a Catholic were asked to pay to a creature—even to the Mother of God herself—that worship which is given to God alone, he would rather yield up life itself than comply with such a demand. How do you know, we ask, that we are idolators? Oh, I see, you kneel down and pray before the images of Christ and the saints. Is that any evidence of idolatry? When the soldiers pass by the statue of Washington they give it a military salute. When that cable passed up Broadway you gave it three hearty cheers. When the members of the British Parliament leave the house, there is a stick called the mace, and they all bow to it as they pass out. If you would say that was idolatry they would laugh you to scorn. The same principle is involved in the respect we show to the saints and the relics of the holy martyrs. But you still insist that we are idolatrous and superstitious, because we kneel down to the saints in Heaven and ask them to pray to God for us. I have got no answer for you, then, except what Dick gave to the Parson. One day a Catholic was coming from a lecture on the very subject of this evening. In going across the green or park he met an Episcopal minister.

"Well, Dick," said the minister, "you have been to see the priest, and he has taught you to worship the saints and to pray to idols."

"But I tell you he did not," Dick replies.

"Well, but you kneel down and pray to them; you kneel down before them."

"Well," said Dick, "do you say your evening prayers?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you kneel by the bedside?

"Yes," said the parson.

"Well, then," rejoined Dick, you pray to the bed-post.

"Ah," said the parson, "but I have no such intention."

"Who cares for your intention," said Dick; "you kneel to it and that's enough."

This is answering a fool according to his folly. In Catholicity we find a religion which recognizes in all the faculties of man, in all his sentiments and instincts the workmanship of its own author, Almighty God. We find a religion which gives full play to all the primal instincts of our nature, which takes man's nature, and elevates, purifies and sanctifies it. In the Catholic religion alone we find a religion which is satisfactory to all the wants of the human heart. I fear not that that religion which will satisfy all the wants of the heart is also able to stand the severest test of the most rigid logic, for the affections of the heart are also guides of truth, and as unerring when pure as the logic of the understanding.

Strange as it may seem, this religion is almost as effectually hidden from the sight of our people by ignorance, prejudice and calumny as it was in early times by persecution hidden in the catacombs from the Roman people. But these things cannot always remain so. Truth and the human mind must inevitably come together. Already some have caught glimpses of a divine character. Our institutions are based upon principles in harmony with the Catholic religion. We appeal to those who are seeking a religion coinciding with the dictates of reason, and satisfactory to all the wants of the human heart, to exercise their liberty, and to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church. We appeal to them to exercise their manhood, and pay a loyal homage to a divine character.

"For majesty, truth, power and beauty all are aisled
In this eternal work of worship undefiled."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MAGDALEN SOCIETY.—We are requested to call attention to the advertisement in another column, of the Young Friends of Ireland, announcing their intention of giving a soiree at Niblo's Saloon on the approaching anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the support of the Magdalen Asylum. All those who appreciate the benevolent objects of this institution, and who have the means to assist it in carrying them out, will, we have no doubt, take advantage of this opportunity of contributing to its maintenance.

CHRISTIAN ROME, THE PATRONESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Lecture Delivered by Dr. Silliman Ives, at Mozart Hall, Sunday Evening, Feb. 6.

Although the weather was decidedly unfavorable, there was a fair attendance at the lecture of Dr. Silliman Ives, last Sunday evening, in Mozart Hall. Among those present were the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, the Very Rev. W. Starrs, V. G., the Rev. Messrs. McLellan, Reynolds and Preston.

Dr. Ives commenced by announcing the lecture of Dr. J. Vincent Huntington, which is to be given next Sunday evening at the same place, and the subject of which is "Saint Louis of France, or the Saintly Royalty of the Thirteenth Century." He then proceeded to the delivery of his own lecture, of which we give in the following a pretty full synopsis:

Facts, said he, are better than assertions. When Sophocles was accused of being insane he simply produced his works, and when Rome, our Christian Mother, is denounced as inimical to intellectual advancement we point to her acts. You have all heard that Catholicity dreads the spread of knowledge—you must have heard it, for every Protestant preacher asserts it—every Protestant orator repeats it, and the Protestant press again and again reiterate the charge. How are we to act? Is it possible that Americans are so devoid of justice that they will believe these charges without inquiry? Is it possible that in this free and enlightened land Catholics will not be heard in their own defense, nor the evidence on which they pronounce these charges false, thoroughly examined and sifted. I will not believe it. I know how difficult it is to admit that our cherished opinions are erroneous, and I can never forget the feeling of dismay with which I recognized for the first time the possibility of my whole previous life being a mistake, and all my hopes and aspirations a delusive dream. After some further remarks on this point the lecturer proceeded as follows:—If, said he, the spread of Catholicity depends upon the ignorance of the people, we may expect to find a deplorable want of education in the early ages of the Church before she was stirred up by opposition churches to rival endeavor, or forced by outside pressure to simulated tolerance for the intellectual advancement of her children. But how stand the facts? Whenever Rome sent forth a missionary she sent a teacher, and beside the Church invariably sprung up the College. When in the Sixth Century Gregory, justly called the Great, sent St. Augustine, and the devoted body of monks who accompanied him to convert the inhabitants of Pagan England he presented them with a well stocked library as an essential requisite for the undertaking. And when Ireland in the Fifth Century received the faith from the illustrious St. Patrick, was it not in an incredibly short space of time dotted over with churches and colleges? Did not the lamp of learning burn as brightly as the Light of Faith? But perhaps you will say these were only for the rich, the poor had nothing to do with these institutions, they reaped no advantage from them, and the education of the great mass of the people was totally unprovided for. But was this so? Far from being so, public schools were found in every district, and a free or common school was held in the home of every parish priest. This we know to have been the early universal practice, for when Spain, in the Sixth Century, received the truths of Christianity this practice was at once adopted, and the example of Italy and the other converted nations of Europe appealed to as a reason for the introduction. We are not now making assertions, but simply stating historical facts—facts which every scholar knows, and which every one may know by consulting the proper authority. Let it be borne in mind that I am merely defending Christian Rome from the charge of desiring to perpetuate ignorance, that I do not say that no individual ecclesiastic may not, from unadvised and ill-directed zeal, have used his influence in a manner calculated to give a color to such a charge. But we are not to judge from isolated cases; I am not here to defend isolated cases or individual acts, but the whole policy of the Church, and I assert boldly, without fear of contradiction, that no such charge can be substantiated against her. I do not assert that she was friendly to all sorts of knowledge without inquiring whether it was hurtful to morality

ous to faith. To prove this would e her unworthy her glorious trust rent to the eternal welfare of her What would be thought of a father, is zeal for learning, would know- se his child's morals to the danger nation, or his faith to the risk of loss? And what would be thought y Father if, under similar circum- should shrink from his duty either e to wordly ideas or in fear of en-ure. Thus, when Galileo pro- his theory of the earth revolving sun, Pope Gregory, knowing that it was destined to supersede was bedded in the popular mind, and in harmony with revealed religion; g that the discussion of the ques- e men's minds were prepared to re- ight endanger faith, forbade Gali- urb old ideas, until the truth of the ad been thoroughly scrutinized and For this purpose time was necessa- Galileo received orders not to teach for a year. But the vain and self- nomer, after yielding assent, set the orders of the Holy Father, and anxious to preserve his flock from secessions, placed him under that which has been so grossly exagger- Protestant historians.

se who charge the Catholic Church lity to education, look at the glori- icate of Leo the Tenth, and admire y of illustrious men who shed a that age, and whose works have de- the present day, a memento of the legacy for the future. After dwel- is period, and quoting the honor- on made of Pope Leo and his time ant historians, the lecturer spoke edictines, of their devotion to knowl- equalled by their love of religion or God's glory, of the magnitude of ors, multiplying manuscripts and for an ungrateful age the relics of To such an extent was this labor of ng carried, that one monastery alone more books than Oxford and Cam- ited. He then referred to the Do- another order of saintly custodi- rning, sending down the stream to d unsullied, but increased by their ibutions, and after enumerating a distinguished Sons of St. Dominick ere can we find greater names than Magnus in the exact sciences, and quinas in theology. Passing to the the lecturer spoke in high terms al, their learning, their missionary eir marvellous endurance, their un- severance and their wondrous unity The ninth century, said the lecturer, ned with poor prospects for learning, his time convulsed with strife and n, men were engaged in deadly strug- learning was universally neglected. ch circumstances what would be the ing for the clergy to do? Mani- let things take their course. If e of desiring to keep the people in in order to strengthen and perpetu- rule over them were true, this was lan to pursue. But did they do so? see. The Bishops of the different met and addressed His Holiness on rsal dcleine of learning, praying ke it into consideration, and to ad- means whereby this retrograde might be checked. So much for epeated slander. But it is said the of these ages was confined to the or books being written in the Latin st necessarily have been unintelligi- laity. But those who urge this are apparently ignorant of the fact in was universally spoken, and in this the lecturer said that moral ed dramas, written in Latin by ss of a German convent for the of driving immoral ones off the ere performed in all the cities ential Europe. This is irrefragible at the lower classes had no dif- understanding Latin, in which they tten. The lecturer reviewed the ob- the literature of the middle ages, g solely, it was said, of legends of s and narrations of wondrous mira- added, allowing this to be true, let nat is the character of that litera- t is its tendency? Did it not incul- and holy virtues, self abnegation, of worldly delights, and all the pha- ristian heroism? Did it not raise to the contemplation of heavenly nd call into exercise the most exalt- The lecturer described in eloquent e effect of this legendary literature sing the material, and developing the nature of man, and observed that for reason it was decried by a material perstitious. Would to Heaven, said rer, that we had some of that super- ow. He then alluded to the prevail- ature of the day, which he character- eminently material and which was ead, because it made no demands on inculcated no disagreeable truths, not reproach us with worldliness and tepidity. But it has been said, continued the lecturer, that during the ages preceding the Reformation the Bible was scrupulously kept from the people, that they had no knowledge of its contents and that its saving truths were withheld from them. It is true they had not so many copies of the Holy Word as we have, but they had a more perfect knowledge of it and were more thorough Biblical scholars than the material minded Bible reading public of the present day. In every village school and educational establishment one or more manuscript copies of the Word of God were placed in a conspicuous position for use and reference, it was read and commented on, but above all, its doctrines were strengthened by christian teaching and illustrated by reference to christian example.

Catholic Institutions of the Metropolis.

The Institution of the Order of Mercy, Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets.

There are very few of our citizens who have not, at some time or other, seen the Sisters of Mercy, and who have not some general idea of the benevolent and noble objects of the order to which they belong. Of the good which they accomplish and the great benefits which are conferred upon society through the instrumentality of their institution, but little, however, is really known. No glowing reports teeming with statistics that give the full measure of good effected, no eulogistic orations showing forth the inroads they have made upon vice and crime, no thrilling incidents about the conversion from sin and the redemption from social as well as moral degradation of the hundreds who might otherwise have been lost forever—nothing of this kind has been done for the Sisters of Mercy, and therefore it is that the public and even the Catholic community are not so well acquainted with the character of the Order as they otherwise might be. Now, while we are of the opinion that none of these means are required in their case to give a stimulus to their exertions, and while we know that the Order thinks not of the world's praise in what it does, we believe that the public should know something more about it and its members than they do, and that the Catholic community particularly should be made more conversant and familiar with its operations than they now are. Before entering at length, however, into an account of the Institution in this city, we propose to say a few words in regard to the origin of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy and its introduction to this country.

From a historical sketch of the Order we learn that its foundress was Miss Macauley of Dublin, who, though born of Catholic parents was, while quite young, left by their death, under the care and protection of a Protestant family, by whom she was brought up and educated. Under these circumstance she grew up to the age of womanhood with little of the Catholic faith and with no settled principles of religion whatever. But she was not destined to remain long in this condition, for having begun to entertain serious doubts in regard to the truth of Protestantism she was led to an investigation into the doctrines and tenets of the religion in which her father died, and which she finally embraced. She did not stop here, however, for the Catholic faith was to her a great living reality, not a barren resultless creed which would be satisfied with the mere profession of its principles. Her great ambition now was to devote herself to the good of her fellow creatures and with such a noble object in view she soon made for herself the opportunity which she required. The death of her adopted parents both of whom died in the Catholic religion, left her heiress to a large fortune which they had bequeathed to her. This was at first employed in rendering assistance to the poor and afflicted and was subsequently devoted to the erection and support of an institution in which the poor were to be educated and their physical wants provided for. While the building was in progress, Miss McCauley occupied her time in studying the best systems of education and in devising and maturing the plan on which her institution was to be conducted. At length a suitable structure was erected and in connection with some ladies who took a lively interest in the work on which she had entered, she commenced with "a few poor but respectable young women," to whom the institution served as a temporary home, "until suitable situations could be procured for them." Although truly benevolent, the institution was not, however, religious in its character, and as it wanted but this vital element to give it stability and permanency, it was resolved that the lady to whom it owed its existence, and those who co-operated with her in her labors, should be established as an order, in accordance with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. They were accordingly received for that purpose into the Presentation Convent of George's Hill, in Dublin, and having passed the required time there they returned to their own institution, where, "at the expiration of one year they made their religious professions," adding to the "usual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience," the fourth "of devoting themselves during the period of their lives to the service of the sick and the poor." It was in the year 1830 that the order was established under the title of "The Institute of our Blessed Lady of Mercy," and so great was its success in the duties that it had assumed, that similar houses were established at Tullamore, at Charleville in the County of Cork, at Carlow, and in the city of Cork. From the year 1830 to 1837, four such institutions sprung into existence, and now they are to be found in every part of Great Britain. The heroic lady to whom, under Heaven, the Order owes its existence, died about eleven years after it was instituted, but she had the gratification before her death of knowing that "it was formally and canonically sanctioned by the Holy See, in a rescript bearing date the 5th of July, 1841."

The Order of the Sisters of Mercy of this city, which is now situated on the corner of Houston and Mulberry streets, came to New York in May, 1846. This branch of the Order was established here under the sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, who, during a visit which he made to Dublin in that year, obtained from the superior of the Order in that city "the foundation of a house of the Sisters within his Diocese." As the means of the Community were very limited, they resided for the first two years in a moderate-sized house in West Washington Place, from which they were enabled to remove in May, 1848, to the building in which they now live. Like all such institutions their commencement was attended with those difficulties which arise from the insufficiency of means to meet the great and constantly increasing demands that are made upon them. People may talk as much as they please about their income, but in none of them is it ever co-extensive with the work they have to perform with the vice, the crime, the moral and physical degradation and wretchedness with which they have to contend. Let those who think so visit those parts of New York where few but the good Sisters ever go; let them enter the loathsome dwellings, where destitution forces the virtuous and the depraved into a common association, where vice and sin would seem to have destroyed all those finer feelings of the human heart and left hardly the semblance of humanity—where youth becomes hardened in vice, and the mind festers in the midst of the corrupted moral atmosphere by which it is surrounded; let them go into those dens where the social outcast shrinks from the light of day, and to which, if he does obtrude himself on the public gaze in the fashionable thoroughfares of the great city, he returns hopeless and despairing, feeling that he is still more an outcast, and that his very misery and wretchedness, his rags, and the very extremity of his poverty have failed to awaken any other feeling than that of disgust and loathing. Let those, we say, who think that such institutions have sufficient means to meet the demands of virtuous and vicious poverty, go into the by-streets and lanes and alleys of the great metropolis and see the terrific magnitude to which human misery and vice and poverty have grown. Let them stand by the death-bed of the poor wretch who has struggled with the hard, material-minded world, and who, defeated again and again, has at last given up in despair and betaken himself to those crimes for which it has provided penalties without number, but for which it has never been able to present an adequate remedy. Let them go there and see all this, and then ask themselves if the redeeming spirit of charity receives from the city's wealth sufficient of that which it possesses to combat the city's poverty and wickedness. And yet in those places, from the very sight of which they shrink, those Angels of Mercy are to be found daily ministering to eth spiritual wants of their denizens and contributing even of their inadequate means to their temporal necessities. Here they are to be found making their way into the dark and loathsome dwellings in the by-streets of the city, where even the officers of justice sometimes cannot enter with impunity—looking for those whom society had long ago flung off as hopelessly depraved and vicious. Still, abandoned as they are, depraved and vicious as they are, with their most bitter feelings aroused against that society which they have come to regard as their enemy, and against which they have been engaged in an incessant warfare, they have never, to the credit of fallen humanity be it said, been insulted or subjected to annoyance from those whom they are endeavoring to rescue from the consequences of their own crimes.

Here, then, is the field in which the Sisters of Mercy are now laboring and this is the portion of society with which they come in contact. And that society for which they are so quietly, and so unostentatiously doing so much, knows but little, as we have said, of the nature of the work in which they are engaged, or of the truly benevolent character of the community of which they are members. It shall be our pleasant and grateful task so far as lies in our power and the circulation of The Record will permit, to make all this known to the public, and as it were, to introduce our readers into the institution itself, the arrangement, the domestic economy, and the everyday life of which we shall endeavor to describe. This shall be done in our next number, till which time we will dismiss the subject with this preliminary sketch of the Order.

Anniversary Obsequies of the Rev. Father McKenna.

It is now somewhat more than a year since the Catholics of St. James' Parish were deprived by death of a clergyman who had for many years been their pastor, and who had by his zeal and devotion to the duties of his sacred office acquired the love and respect of all who knew him. Father McKenna died on the 5th of February, 1858, and last Saturday being the anniversary of his death a Mass Requiem was celebrated in the Church of which he had been so long the pastor. The Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., officiated as celebrant; Rev. J. McEvoy, as Deacon; Rev. C. Slevin as Subdeacon, and Rev. Mr. McNierny as Master of Ceremonies, while the following clergymen assisted: Rev. Messrs. Malone, Cassidy, McKenna, McGovern, Keegan, McGuire and Brady, all of the Diocese of Brooklyn, together with Archdeacon McCarron, Rev. Messrs. Byrne, McClellan, Treanor, Donnelly, Hennessy and Reynolds.

A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Rev. E. I O'Reilly, of Pittsburgh who took his text from the Gospel of St John 17th chapter, from the 18th to the 26th verses inclusive. Here, said the Rev. preacher, we see the fountain from which springs the divine life and light that belongs to the church and that have marked and characterized it through all ages. Here we find an explanation of the saying of our Lord that his Kingdom was not of this world, here, too, we see the infinite love which he had for the human family, and for those whom he had selected to be the elect, to be with him the sons of his Father. In this language we see also His boundless affection for His church, for the existence and perpetuity of which he offered up his life on the cross. No wonder that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, because he has promised to be always with her even to the consummation of the world. The church is Christ now we may say, as Christ was the Church in the beginning. Here we have the key to the understanding of the great article of faith, the communion of saints. It is easy to understand why it is we are of one family when we know that Christ is the life blood which runs through us all. In this infinite love of Christ lies the foundation of the Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints, a doctrine which gives us consolation even when we stand around the bier of the dead and which makes even the bed of death a source of life and of glory to the Catholic possessed of faith. Sustained by this faith we can gather around the tombs of those who have been dead for years, as in the case of him we now commemorate to-day, whose body has mouldered into dust and whose consecrated hands have offered up the sacrifice of the mass for us—we can gather around even the empty coffin to commemorate his death and to pray for him as he in his life had prayed for those under his pastoral care—to pray that the merciful Father may forgive him his sins and those offences which may have detained him in punishment. It is not necessary that I should tell you what your pastor was—what he did for the education of your children in the erection of a noble school-house, in the visitation of the sick in time of pestilence as well as of ordinary disease. This is not necessary. The reverend preacher here dwelt at considerable length on the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and concluded with an earnest exhortation to the congregation to pray for the soul of their beloved pastor, as he had prayed and ministered for their eternal welfare.

The Captive's Tale.

A prison was my dwelling,
And months and years rolled by,
And still within that prison
I, hapless man, did lie;
And all that time I had not seen
The face of sea nor sky.

Not seen the sea—not seen the sky—
Not gazed upon the moon,
Nor the quiet stars at midnight,
Nor the gorgeous sun at noon.

Yet had I longed with earnestness,
Beyond all human thought,
To gaze on Nature, that to me
Had ever pleasure brought;
And which, in happy, bygone days,
I sedulously sought.

The pattering shower—the sweeping blast—
The billow, foaming free—
The daisy peeping through the grass—
The leaf upon the tree—
The streamlet trickling through the moss—
All, all were dear to me.

The forest gray—the mountain high—
The torrent's thundering fall:
The caverned rock—the beetling cliff,
And all things, great or small,
Awful or gay, sublime or fair,
I loved—I love them all.

The stars, like spirits, haunted me;
The moon—Oh! need I try
To tell the strength of feelings
That lived where Hope did die?

And some men could, with carelessness,
O'er streams, through meadows pass;
While I!—I would have leaped to see
The smallest blade of grass:

A weed—a weed—a noisome weed,
When other men descry,
With eyes avert and head aside,
They hurry quickly by;
It would bring rapture to my heart,
And moisture to my eye.

One night—it was a winter's night—
Cold, piercing was the air,
And frost, that subtle spirit,
That entereth everywhere,
Had found my loathsome prison out,
And bided with me there.

That night I held a levee;
My thoughts did come and go—
Each bitterer than another—
Came quick—departed slow;
And truly that night was to me
A night of sleepless woe.

Yet never was there woe so deep
That may not lightened be;
And God, that loveth all He makes,
Did pitying look on me.

The darkest day that ever lowered
May brighten ere the eve,
And some light colors mingle
With the darkest web we weave.

I thought not thus upon that time;
I sat in sullen grief,
I felt—I fear I felt—a doubt
That God *could* give relief.

I thought upon my childhood's home,
Where I had wandered free;
I rubbed my eyes—I started wild—
I gasped..... What did I see?
As I'm a living man, a Star
Was looking down on me!

I flung myself upon my knees,
I bowed my head in prayer—
Then upward turned my tearful eyes.....
The Star—it was not there:
Gone, like a momentary smile
Upon the brow of care.

Gone! and so soon!—You think I wept,
'Cause lost as soon as won.
No, in my heart of hearts I felt
Its mission had been done.

It roused the Man within me—
It resuscitated hope—
It made me pant for Freedom—
It made me strong to cope
With every foe. It gave the *will*
My prison bars to ope.

. . . . . .

And I had dreams—such happy dreams—
Unchequered by a care;
And all things bright in Heaven and earth
In my dreams mingled were.

Flowers and stars and birds and trees
Were mixed promiscuous there,
And childhood's merry, fitful laugh
Was ringing in my ear;
And the light tread of youthful feet
Came nearer and more near.

I felt the grasp of kindred hands,
I sunned me in the light
Of loving looks. All round me was
An Eden of delight.

Kind voices whispered near me,
And kind words, kindly meant,
Thrilling the air, came like the sound
Of some sweet instrument.

Like the fall of leaping waters—
Like the gushing of a spring—
Oh, what in Nature can compare
With a friend's kind welcoming!

The human voice! what instrument
So sweetly sounded yet,
When in the key of Kindness
Its every note is set?

My home..... I saw my home again—
Where I, in boyhood, played,
And the streamlet's mazy windings,
Through sunshine and through shade;
And I heard its rippling waters,
Which a pleasant murmur made.

The play-ground and its inmates all,
And he who made our laws,
And told us where we should go seek
For blackberries and haws;
A partial legislator, he,
To remember I had cause.

All—all, I saw—the hawthorn tree,
The birds' nests in the caves—
I heard again the wooing wind's
Soft whisper to the leaves.

I woke—I gazed—I only saw
Deep darkness all around;
I only heard the echoes
Of the bell's discordant sound.
I stretched my hands—they struck the walls
That compassed me around.

Yet none of all these many things
My happiness did mar;
I only knew—I only felt
I'd seen my guiding star.

A rent was in my prison;
I knew it not before—
The heart that throbbed for Freedom
Had no need of knowing more.

He that hath Hope hath every thing;
He will progress and progress;
For Hope is but the prologue
To the drama of Success:
'Tis a heavenly messenger to man,
Whose mission is to bless.

I need not tell you how I strove
To make that rent more wide;
Or what exceeding pains I took
That blessed rent to hide—
How, after weeks of patient toil,
My first essay I tried.

Nor how, throughout these times, sweet Hope
Had constant with me stayed;
How, during these tumultuous weeks,
Fear passing visits made.

One night I laid me down a Slave—
I woke the morrow Free!
And dearer far than words can tell
That liberty to me.

What can enhance the value
Of every prize we gain?
What can make doubly dear to us
Each blessing we obtain?
The consciousness of having striven
That blessing to obtain.

This adds to its intrinsic worth—
Great though that worth may be;
Oh! the omnipotence of union
'Tween Hope and Energy!

A Slave—No, no!..... I wrong myself—
Chains *cannot* make a slave!
No! chains have often fallen
To the noble and the brave.
My mind was free—therefore I was
A Captive—not a slave.

Good Lord! how precious Freedom is,
When Man, who never knew
Its blessings, from experience,
Can love and prize it too!

Who would not loathe a palace
If a prisoner there were he?
Who would not welcome suffering
If that suffering set him free?
Who would not peril life and limb,
Gladly, for Liberty?

I've been since then in many lands—
I've looked on scenes so fair,
That scarcely can our language tell
How beautiful they were.

I've watched the sunset on the sea;
I've seen through ruins gray,
On ivied wall, on broken tower,
The frolic moonbeams play—
Chasing from many a quiet nook
The sullen gloom away.

Nature I've seen in every mood,
Wild, beautiful and rude;
In tracts where cultivation reigned—
In the mountain solitude;
And where the billow-beaten shore
With masts and sails was strewed.

Their beauty never woke in me
A joy so exquisite
As that I felt when Heaven's breath
Blew on my cheek that night;
And I stood, with head uncovered,
'Neath that Star's blessed light.

M. M.

MISCELLANEOUS

Noble Scenery.—M. Biot having made an important discovery in one of the abstrusest branches of mathematics, which had baffled every one, mentioned it to Laplace, who listened with great attention, questioned him respecting his method, and the details of his solutions, and finally desired him to bring his memoir on the following day. Joyfully, yet tremulously, the young mathematician presented his memoir to the illustrious master. Having carefully read it, Laplace said, "This is an excellent bit of work; you have taken the right path. But the notions you present at the close are somewhat too remote. Don't go beyond the actual results you have reached. The present style of analysis does not permit of your going further." After a struggle which every author will understand, Biot yielded, and struck out the conclusion. "Now," said Laplace, "all is very good. Present your memoir to-morrow to the Academy, and dine with me afterwards." To-morrow came, and at the Academy the young man found the great Monge, who had been informed by Laplace of the discovery, and spoke about it; Lagrange and Lacroix were also there; and no less a person than General Buonaparte, recently arrived from Syria; but the general was a less terrible personage to the young mathematician than was Lagrange; and when Buonaparte, glancing at the diagrame, exclaimed, "I know that by the figures," Biot silently thought to himself, "you must be very clever to recognise those figures, inasmuch as nobody except Laplace has ever seen them before;" and his respect for the general's opinion on such questions must have oscillated about zero. And now comes the beauty of the anecdote. The memoir was read, an immense success obtained—Biot was a made man." He accompanied Laplace home, receiving his congratulations on the way. Arrived there Laplace said, "Come into my study for a minute, I have something to show you." Biot followed, sat down, and prepared to listen. Laplace unlocked a little drawer, took out a bundle of papers, yellow with age, and "there he showed me all my problems solved by that very method which I had discovered. He had discovered it years before, but had been arrested by the very difficulty which he had pointed out to me; and he paused, where he had advised me to pause—hoping at some future time to surmount the obstacle. He had never mentioned this to any one—not even to me when I brought my memoir to him." 'A more noble anecdote is not to be found in the annals of science. Instead of the irritable jealousy so usual among men, instead of the clamorous assertion of priority, and the ignoble insinuation of plagiarism, we here see a man not only capable of abnegation in favor of a younger rival, but capable of a delicacy as rare as the abnegation, never alluding to his own discovery until his rival had obtained complete success, and obtained it partly by the judicious advice to remove what was hazardous in the memoir. "Had he shown me his paper before the meeting, I could not have presented mine, knowing his priority; and even had he required me to keep it secret, with what embarrassment should I have been seized, knowing myself to be an echo only." Laplace carried his delacy to the point of the secret being kept even after this success; and he forbade Biot from ever making an allusion to it. Not until 1850 was the secret revealed, and then, said his grateful friend and pupil, "*en rendant cet hommage a sa memoire, je lui desobeis.*"

Anecdotes of the Horse.—"The horse knoweth his owner," and he knows much more. We verily believe he knows more than many of the two legged animals who ride on horseback; and we are quite sure there is more of the spirit of christianity in his practice than is to be found in many of the bipeds aforesaid. Let us give a few anecdotes of this beautiful and friendly animal. Of a two horse team belonging to the Earl of ——, near Oxford, one was very vicious; the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, (about twenty of them) were turned out to pasture, this good tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell around him, and when recognized they would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle, that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when ou self was concerned; but if any of the an attack upon his blind friend, he wo to the rescue with such fury, that not in the field could stand against him. singular case of sagacity (I had almo of disinterested humanity) may well whole fraternity of horse jockies to th They, to be sure, will fight for a jockey, whether he is right or wro they expect him to fight for them on similar occasion; but this kind hear mal could anticipate no such reciprocit

Some years ago, the servant of a M Walker of Manchester, England, g water the carriage horses at a stone which stood at one end of the Exchang that was accustomed to lie in the sta one of them, followed the horses a On the way he was attacked by a larg tiff, and was in danger of being kille dog's favorite horse, seeing the critica tion of his friend, suddenly broke loo the servant, ran to the spot where t were fighting, and with a violent kick the mastiff from the other dog into a cellar opposite, and having thus reac friendly companion, returned quietl him to drink at the fountain.

Parisian Advertising.—Recently, u Bois de Boulogne in Paris, in a well ap barouche and pair, was to be seen man, having on either side of him a la ball dress, and without a bonnet. these had a profusion of golden locks, sitely arranged; the other was a br with hair equally fine. Both turned heads toward the apparently favored men sitting between them, whom they to be addressing with great animation first impression on the spectator, after ing the beautiful hair of these ladies, of wonderment that they should abroad in the cold wind so slightly cl closer inspection it appeared that the wax figures, and that the carriage ambulatory advertisement of a hair d

Affection of Dogs for their Mas Dogs have been known to die from ex joy at seeing their masters after a l sence. An English officer had a larg which he left with his family in while he accompanied an expedition to ca during the war of the colonies. T out his absence the animal appeare much dejected. When the officer r home, the dog, who happened to be l the door of an apartment into which h ter was about to enter, immediately nized him, lept upon his neck, licked h and in a few minutes fell dead at his f favorite spaniel of a lady recently d seeing his beloved mistress after a l sence.

Manners Made Easy.—When a lad down to the pianoforte, always volun turn over the leaves. To be able music is of no consequence, as you wil that she is at the bottom of a page w stops short. If you turn over two le once, you will probably have the secret of most of the company. In carving, ber that "'twere well it were done q He must be, therefore, the best carv soonest fills the greatest number of Waste no time in asking if people like or a leg, this bit or that—many do n their minds on any subject. Besides, cannot all have the prime cuts, nothi discontent can ensue from giving th choice.

The Australian Aborigines.—A spec respondent of The Melbourne Argus, Fitzroy diggings, says that the whit seekers are carrying on a war of exte tion against the aborigines. Curiously he adds that a strong body of native has been organized, and these hirelings down their brethren without remorse blacks, he asserts, are killed officially police, and unofficially by the diggers writer declares that the government no effort to stop the slaughter.

An Incident of the French War Kabyles.—Walmsley, in his "Algeria," that, in one of the French onslaug Zouave dashed an earthen jar to piec the but end of his musket, expecting tained food, but a child rolled out. tened it on his back with his turba dashed on in search of more plunder w comrades. At the end of the day he was lying on the ground dead. A bull passed through his head; but the poo was unharmed and fast asleep.

ctricity Supersede Steam as a Motive Power?

OR VERGNES' ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MACHINE.

nderful revolutions which have been ef- r science in the material world have uch a change in the minds of men as to icism almost completely to the route, eased the bounds of human belief to t that people are almost prepared to be- hing they hear regarding the reported s and discoveries of the day. Men are more hospitable in their feelings to w ideas, and are rather inclined to en- uman genius than to reject its creations. veries of Copernicus and the great laws made known have been productive even r of grander results than some are gener- h to give him credit for. Had Fulton or ed in the time of the Pilgrim Fathers d have stood a tolerably fair chance of ned at the stake, and even fifty years u had told men of the wonders which effected through the agency of electri- would have laughed at you as a dream- we have so far learned from the experi- e past that we are now almost prepared anything. The credulity of the readers cord need not, however, be very heavily what we are about to describe—the in- an Electro-Magnetic Engine by Professor f this city, who has been engaged at it wenty years, and who now believes that covered the application of a power which d to supersede steam.

ors Jacobi of St. Petersburg, and Wheat- England, appear to be the first who at- to obtain motive power from the gal- ery, and both employed the attraction sion of magnets. It is well known that these succeeded to the extent desired, experiments proved that power could d from the battery. This fact once es- hundreds entered the field thus opened Large sums of money were expended practical benefit; attempts were con- enewed in different ways, and in almost ntry of the civilized world, but failed to satisfactory results. Delnegro in Italy, in France, Davidson in England, Taylor, and Elijah Paine in the United States, ith great energy, but with the exception ge, they all confined their experiments the action of magnets on magnets. It cessary to state here that this mode of proved unsuccessful, and that the ques- ractical application in that way was only ly solved in the negative by the numer- riments of Professor M. Vergnes. The belicves employed by Dr. Page, and the made by Pietri, were the first serious in another direction. We will not dis- merits of Page's invention; it is suffi- ay that after having expended nearly e could not, according to the most re- tement, produce more than one-horse th a battery of eight hundred cells. r of Frankfort, constructed a very in- achine, in which two different actions of were jointly used—that of a magnet on and that of a direct current acting upon er. Froment and Roux of Paris, made mall motors, which they applied to the are of gold and silver tissues, and Bo- urin, improved them so as to render a great extent available. Thousands them working at the World's Fair at icles of Nancy, invented the circular nd Larmanfort placed soft iron rollers wo magnets of this form. Small ma- that system worked well, but as soon as enlarged, it was found that they could , as the theory of Mr. Vergnes subse- lemonstrated. If we refer to the opin- me of our greatest men of this age, we they express the highest confidence in cation of that mysterious agent, electri- practical motive power. Their expecta- that are conclusive. Napoleon at St. nd Humboldt in his famous "Cosmos," d the greatest hopes in regard to it, lo not wonder that the studies of so entific men have been devoted to that

niere of Lausanne, comes next in order. aued to use the multiplying magnet, h Paine in the United States. Thomas cotch engineer, pretended lately to have problem, but although aided by capi- d backed by the imperial patronage of oleon, he failed to obtain the great *de-*

all the inventors whom we have named uing their avocations, Prof. M. Vergnes y, was working away silently, but earn- the same great result. During more years innumerable experiments were him on the action of magnets on magnets. achine was enlarged on a great scale; of models were constructed by him, ame finally to the conclusion that all at- o succeed in that way were entirely use- then turned his attention to the action city on ponderable bodies, and after pro- d carefully made experiments, he adopt- mplest of these actions, that of a direct current on an electro-magnet. The galvanic needle became the object of his studies, and he concluded that the galvanometral form was the only one which could be employed favorably and practically.

Several models of different sizes were constructed by him to illustrate his theory of the increasing ratio of power, and it was viewed with much favor among several scientific men, who gave it their approval, and predicted the Professor's ultimate success. Objections, however, were urged against it, but they were triumphantly refuted. A pamphlet published in 1857 aroused the attention of the scientific world, and the late Judge Rockwell of the Supreme Court of Kings County, a gentleman of undoubted ability and scientific knowledge having carefully investigated the Professor's theory, became convinced that he was working in the right way, and raised amongst his family a capital sufficient to enable the Professor to build a large machine to illustrate the practical use of his invention. But Judge Rockwell did not live to see the result of the work on which he had entered, and in his death Professor Vergnes lost a valuable friend. The machine was nevertheless constructed, and was at last exhibited before a large assemblage of scientific men at the Crystal Palace in this city. Owing to some imperfections in its construction, and to the defects of the multiplying coils, which leaked in several places, the full power could not be obtained, for when more than one-fourth of the battery was being applied a leak in the multiplicators became apparent, and a reverse current of electricity occurred, destroying the increased power, which would otherwise have been obtained. However, the press of the city were most favorable in their notices of the working of the machine, and predicted the ultimate success of the Professor's invention. But want of funds, which is the want that nearly all men of genius have to contend against, put an end to his operations for the time—in the midst of his pecuniary difficulties the revulsion came, and to add to his troubles his model was destroyed in the fire at the Crystal Palace. But the Professor, undismayed by these reverses, has just completed the experiments necessary for the correction of the defects in the machine, and is about to resume the work of reconstruction.

New models having been constructed, he turned his attention to the galvanic battery. The electric spark became the object of his studies, and he found that it could be prevented from burning. In regard to economy, the improvements made by him surpass his expectations, and he has satisfied himself that an electric engine can now be constructed which will surpass in power, economy, safety and durability the best steam engine. The theory which he has presented does away with some of the ideas most generally adopted. According to conclusions he has arrived at, it appears that the power of his electric engines, when their bulk is increased, augments in a ratio far greater than their weight, while the expenses of the battery are only very slightly increased. For instance, if two machines were constructed, one of which would be double the weight of the other, the largest with only one-fourth more electricity, should give four times more power, and if increased three-fold one-third more electricity would produce nine times more power, und so on. This singular fact will be easily understood, if we consider that in all previously known motive powers, be it wind, water or steam, the pressure acts only upon the surface of the sails, the water-wheel, or the piston, as the case may be, while in the electrical machines, the electricity which is brought to bear upon the entire mass of the ponderable blades, penetrates through them, acting upon each of their atoms, so that the revolving magnets, as well as the multiplying coils, are made to contribute largely to the motive force. Thus the product of their power is in the fourth ratio, while the amount of electricy expended is equal only to the square. If the invention is a practical one, as the inventor claims, steam power must in many cases be superseded. We shall not enter into a consideration of the many advantages which are to be derived from this discovery, and of which the great results appear to be, speed, safety, economy and freedom from explosions or fire.

In the foregoing we have endeavored as clearly as the scientific nature of the subject allows to explain the principle of this machine, and we leave our readers to form their own opinions of its merits therefrom. The Professor is in want of capital to carry out his invention to its practical results, and he is now engaged in raising the required amount. On this point we do not desire to say anything either for or against—we leave those who have the means to aid him to act in the matter as they may deem best. Our object has been to bring his invention to the notice of the public, in the hope that it will accomplish all he claims for it, and that it may, as he says it will to a great extent, supersede steam, which at the same time that it is one of the most powerful, is also one of the most destructive agents that human genius has ever evoked from the material world.

A GIFT FROM THE POPE.—We understand that the Holy Father has been pleased to present to Rev. Dr. Neligan of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham, a large silver medal, through Cardinal Barnabo, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, as a token of his approbation of "Rome, its Churches, its Charities and its Schools."

LOCAL MATTERS.

REVOLUTION AMONG THE LOCALITIES OF NEW YORK.—Broadway, New York's great public promenade of fashion and beauty, which, according to the renowned Jefferson Bricks, "whips the universe," was originally called by the Dutch, "De Heere straat," or the principal street. In 1665 the number of buildings erected on this great thoroughfare was twenty-one, which was increased in twelve years to sixty-five. Shortly after this it was named Broadway, by the English, by whom a great many changes were effected in the city after their arrival. For the lighting of this and several other streets, the town council of those days adopted a rare contrivance, which doubtless added not a little to the peculiar appearance presented by New York in former times. An ordinance was passed in December, 1697, for "the regulation of the lights to be put out in the darke time of the moon, within this city, and for the ease of the inhabitants, that every seaventh house doe every night in the darke time of the moon, until the 25 March next, cause a lanthorn and a candle to be hung out on pole every night." The expense incurred for this kind of illumination was defrayed by the inhabitants according to their numerical proportion.

The grounds composing the site of Trinity Church, which faces Wall street, were in 1703 granted to the Corporation of that church forever, on condition that the fence should be kept in order, and that no more than three shillings should be charged for the burial of each person over twelve years of age, or one shilling and sixpence for the interment of a child. About five years after this the inhabitants obtained permission to plant trees before their houses and lots, of which, says Professor Kalm, a great Swedish traveller who flourished about the year 1759, "formed an agreeable shade and produced a pretty effect." Large numbers of those trees have been destroyed by the elements or the hands of man since that date, as there are very few left standing at present. For the better accommodation of the inhabitants living in the vicinity, a market was erected on the corner of Broadway and Crown street, since known as Liberty street, the change of terms marking a period in the history of the country too plainly to be mistaken by the dullest intellect.

Nassau street, at present one of the great business arteries of the city, was in 1692, a common cart-way leading to the Commons, better known since as the Park. The ground was first granted to Teunis De Kay, who offered to regulate it, according to the English records, "provided he may have the soyle." It 1732 it was called Kipp street, at which time the Dutch Church, which has been since converted in the General Post Office, was erected.

The Park, one of the few large public pleasure grounds in the city, was originally a part of the unappropriated lands on Manhattan Island, which were used in common by the citizens under the Dutch *regime*, for herding cattle and other general purposes. At the period of the Revolutionary War it was enclosed, previous to which time it was generally known as "the Commons." A little to the north of the site of the City Hall, a powder magazine was erected, to the south of which, near the present Brick Church, stood a windmill. In addition to the ducking-stool, already referred to, a gallows was erected, in full view of the public, noting an era in barbarism, which our own age has already condemned, although it has not abolished the horrid penalty of the crime of murder, called capital punishment, but better designated as legal killing. This instrument of death was constructed in 1725, but was removed about four years after, as stated in the English records, "to the place where the negroes were burned some five years before, at the foot of the hill called Catiemut's Hill."

Wall street was so called from a wall or embankment which was constructed by the Dutch in 1653, in apprehension of an invasion from the Yankees or New Englanders, who at that time, extending the bounds of their dominions, were already encroaching on the settlements of their phlegmatic neighbors. The length of this wall, which was constructed of palisades, was two thousand three hundred and forty feet. The palisades, or posts, were six feet apart, and sided up with boards, the total cost of which was about $1,500. The wall was strengthened by two stone bastions, one of which was on the northeast corner of Wall street and Broadway, and the other on the northeast corner of Wall and William streets. About two years after the construction of this imposing fortification, ten small buildings were erected under its shade, which were dignified with the title of Wall street. This was one of the first that was constructed in New York.

In 1699, the walls and bastions of the city, which extended from the East to the North River almost on a line with the present Wall street, having fallen to decay, were, in compliance with a petition from the Mayor to the Lieutenant-Governor, erased, and part of the materials of which they were constructed employed in the erection on the present site of the Custom House, the old one which stood at the head of Coenties Slip having been sold a short time previous to one John Rodman for the sum of £920. The ground in the front of this building was set off with a whipping post, a cage, pillory and stocks, for the punishment of criminals, which was inflicted in full view of the public. At the foot of Wall street was erected a market for the sale of Indian slaves and negroes. This was built in 1709, and here the unfortunate beings were either sold or let out to hire by their owners, after the manner of southern slave-dealers. According to a directory of New York, made out in 1665, the number of streets did not amount to more than twenty.

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—A regular quarterly meeting of the New York Catholic Library Association was held at the rooms of the Association, No. 809 Broadway, on the 7th inst.

The retiring President, Mr. M. T. Cozans, read the usual annual report, from which it appeared that the association is in a comparatively prosperous condition. The President acknowledged the receipt of $50, which was enclosed in a very unpretending note from "A Friend," who stated that, having seen by "THE RECORD," that the association was still in existence, &c., enclosed the above "*small*" sum to aid and assist it. The President remarked that he would like that the association had one thousand such "*friends*."

The address on the occasion was delivered by the newly elected President, Dr. T. C. Finnell, who selected as the subject of his remarks—"The Spine; its diseases and their cause;" a subject at once interesting and instructive, especially to heads of families and school teachers. After the delivery of the address, which was received by the audience with evident attention and satisfaction, the newly elected officers were installed into their respective offices; after which the meeting adjourned. The President announced that the next regular meeting would be held on the first Monday of March next, at which the public are invited to attend.

In giving a list of the officers of this Association in our last issue we incorrectly gave the name of the Corresponding Secretary: it should have been E. J. McGean instead of the name given. The report of the Treasurer was read. From this it appears that the receipts for the last six months amounted to $429 14, and the expenses to $394 05, leaving a balance on hand of $35 09 towards the payment of the debt on the Library.

The whole number of volumes received as donations was 148, of which 40 were from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, 24 from Hon. John Kelly, 21 from Hon. John Cochrane, 20 from Dr. Finnell, 21 from Wm. J. Malone, Esq., and 10 from Dr. Hilton. The following is the letter enclosing the fifty dollars:

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I see by the Record that the "Catholic Library Association" is still in existence. Sometime ago my father promised it a donation, and as *he* has not done so, I inclose a small amount to help it along. A FRIEND.

To M. T. COZANS, President C. L. A.

It is almost needless to state that the Association is desirous of making the acquaintance of all such friends, and that all gifts of this kind will, in the usual stereotype phrase, be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged. A thousand more such friends, as the President intimated, would be quite an acquisition, and we may add a wonderful help to the Treasury. The more the merrier. We should state that a donation of $25 was also received from Mr. Charles O'Conor.

The name of the Debating Society connected with the Association is the Spalding Debating Club, and is called after the present Bishop of Louisville.

THE PICKLING OF THE STREETS.—The summary manner which the omnibus proprietors and the city railroad companies have adopted of disposing of the snow, has not, it would appear, met with general favor. In fact, so far from this being the case, there are several who not only call its propriety in question, but the Board of Aldermen some short time since, absolutely passed an ordinance prohibiting the practice of pickling the streets for the melting of the snow, or for any purpose whatever, good or bad. To the action of this branch of the Municipal Legislature in this matter, the Third Avenue Railroad Company present some serious objections, one of which is to the effect that if the track was not cleared in this way people can't get down town to their business so expeditiously as they might desire. The opposition to the practice is based on the ground that it makes terrible havoc with the sleighing, and that it ought to be regarded, therefore, as a nuisance not to be tolerated. The Committee on Streets of the Board of Aldermen have the matter under consideration, and it is to be hoped they will dispose of it so that the contesting parties may not themselves get into a pickle. As the subject now stands, the question of salt or no salt promises to become as interesting as that which was raised years ago in regard to the explosive nature of saltpetre.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.—From the last weekly report of the City Inspector, it appears that the total mortality during the week ending February 6, was 423. Of the deceased, 81 were men, 80 women, 135 boys and 127 girls. In a comparison of the mortality as regards the sexes, it will be seen that the excess is on the side of the males, as is almost invariably the case. To make up for this, however, and to preserve the equality of numbers, there are, as it has been satisfactorily ascertained, more male than female children born. The returns this week show a decrease of eight on those of the week ending January 29.

DECREASE IN THE NUMBER OF FIRES IN NEW YORK.—In the last number of the RECORD it may be remembered that we called attention to the decrease of fires in the metropolis, and we now see from the report of the Fire Marshal, Mr. Alfred Baker, that we were right in our statement. From this interesting document we learn that the number of fires which occurred during the six months ending November 30, 1858, was 145, showing a diminution of 16 on that of the preceding six months. The value of property destroyed is estimated at $1,239,351, an increase of $750,087 over the corresponding six months of 1857. This increase is attributable to the destruction of the Crystal Palace and the burning of the City Hall, the estimated loss by these two fires amounting to $874,880. Deducting this the loss by other fires amounts to only $364,471, a decrease of $124,793 as compared with the corresponding half year of 1857, or $99,686 less than the losses of the preceding six months. The sum paid by the underwriters is $253,943, that being for loss and damage for which they became liable. Of the fires enumerated in the report forty were the work of incendiaries. The great cause of fires, however, is to be found in the carelessness of our people, who are exceedingly reckless in regard to both life and property. The manner in which our hot-air furnaces are constructed adds considerably to the risk, and in many instances has been the occasion of great loss of property.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AID FOR THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.—The Young Friends of Ireland will give a Grand Soiree at Niblo's Saloon on St. Patrick's Night, (THURSDAY, March 17, 1859,) the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum. Owing to the necessities of the institution and the great object it has in view, and believing that our National Anniversary could not be commemorated in a more appropriate manner than in aiding an institution which has for its object such noble aims, we therefore call on all the patriotic, the charitable and the humane to assist by their presence on this occasion this most worthy object. Tickets $2, for sale at all the Catholic Bookstores. DENNIS McCARTIE, President.
EDWARD MILLS, Secretary. 12f

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe via Liverpool, per U. S. steamer KANGAROO, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 12th day of Febuary, 1859, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
12f 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

CATHOLIC SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES AT MOZART HALL, No. 663 Broadway, opposite Bond street,
EVERY SUNDAY EVENING,
beginning with the first Sunday in February, and ending on the first Sunday in March.

SUBJECTS:

I.
Sunday Evening, February 6,
CHRISTIAN ROME THE PATRONESS OF KNOWLEDGE.
By Dr. L. Silliman Ives.

II.
Sunday Evening, February 13,
SAINT LOUIS OF FRANCE, OR THE SAINTLY ROYALTY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.
By Dr. J. Vincent Huntington.

III.
Sunday Evening, February 20,
THE MONASTIC INSTITUTION IN ITS RELATIONS TO SOCIETY.
By Dr. L. Silliman Ives.

IV.
Sunday Evening February 27,
THE GREAT MODERN CONTRAST, OR THE IDOLATRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
By Dr. J. Vincent Huntington.

V.
Sunday Evening, March 6,

By the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh.
Tickets for the Course of Five Lectures, $1.
Single Tickets, 25 cents.
Tickets may be had of the Sextons of the Catholic Churches, and at all the Catholic Bookstores. f5 3t

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CATHOLIC AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY and FANCY ARTICLES, selling at extremely low prices, at
ROBERT CODDINGTON'S
OLD ESTABLISHED STORE
No. 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.
Books bound in every style and at prices unprecedented in this city heretofore.
All the Monthly Magazines, Daily and Weekly Newspapers.
New Music supplied to order at a reduction from publishers' prices.
N. B. Altar Flowers, Wreaths for Statues, &c.
☞ Store open until 10 o'clock every night.
Remember the No. ROBERT CODDINGTON,
No. 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

D. DEVLIN & CO., CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, No. 258, 259 and 260 Broadway, corner of Warren street, beg to inform their friends that they are now prepared with a very extensive stock of latest styles of SPRING CLOTHING for wholesale and retail trade. Their Merchant Tailoring and Furnishing Stocks are also fully assorted with the latest importations, containing all the new and desirable fabrics. All of which they are prepared to offer at low and uniform prices. An early call is respectfully solicited.
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CONSUMPTION.—DR. CHURCHILL'S DISCOVERY.—WINCHESTER'S Genuine Preparation of the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Potash, as discovered and prescribed by Dr. Churchill, of Paris, for
CONSUMPTION.
The use of the Hypophosphites shows these preparations to have a two-fold and specific action. On the one hand, they increase the principle, whatever that may be, which constitutes nervous force; and, on the other, they are the most powerful blood-generating agents—far superior to anything hitherto known.
The physiological effects of their use are shown by an increase of nervous power, tometimes even from the first day of their administration, together with an unusual feeling of comfort and strength. The appetite increases, often in an extraordinary manner. The evacuations become more regular and more abundant; the perspirations, if any have existed, cease; sleep becomes calm and profound. All the general symptoms disappear with rapidity which is really marvelous.
In al nervous or scrofulous complaints, debility, loss of vital power, dyspepsia, indigestion and female weaknesses, it is a sovereign and invaluable remedy.
Price $2, in large bottles, or three bottles for $5. Circulars and full directions for use accompany each package. This is the only reliable preparation of Dr. Churchill's remedy. Sold wholesale and retail by J. WINCHESTER, American and Foreign Agency office, 49 John street, New York. 12f

☞ Our friends in Brooklyn can pay their subscriptions to and receive receipts from Michael Nevin, No. 180 Fulton street, and James Nevin, No. 302 Fulton street.

MOST IMPORTANT.—Do you desire to send the "Metropolitan Record" to Europe or any other place? If so, call at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S Book store, No. 366 Bowery, one door above above Fourth street, and have it done in a good wrapper and posted. This is the safest place to post single papers or books of any kind. All the other weekly papers can be had at this establishment as soon as issued. f5 2t

T. LANIGAN'S MATTRESS AND BEDDING Wholesale and Retail Warehouses, Nos. 105 Bowery, (between Grand and Hester streets) 3 and 5 Essex Market, (Grand street) and 80 Fulton street, Brooklyn, where the largest variety of fancy Iron Bedsteads, Curled Hair and every other kind of Mattress, Bedding, &c., can be sold at prices to suit the times. All orders promptly attended to. f12

A CARD.—W. JACKSON, Importer, 551 Broadway, respectfully informs families in want of Mourning Goods that he has constantly on hand a large and well-selected stock of Bombazines, Delaines, Paramattas, Tamise, Cantoñ, Henrietta, and Maltese cloths, black Silks and black-and-white Silks; also, Bonnets, Cloaks, Mantillas, &c., &c. Parties requiring full pieces or long lengths will be charged wholesale prices.
Observe—W. JACKSON, Importer of Mourning Goods, 551 Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. j29 4t

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HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN—Attached to the SCHOOL of the MOST HOLY REDEEMER, Fourth street, New York.
In this newly-opened institute are taught, besides the branches of a thorough English education, Drawing, Bookkeeping, German, French and Latin.
Pupils for the first term will be admitted until January next, 1859.
Terms of instruction very reasonable.
For further particulars, apply to Rev. Father HELMPRAECHT, Rector of the Convent of the Most Holy Redeemer, 153 Third street, or to PETER LUX, Teacher of the Institute, at the School Rooms, 545 Fourth street. j29 1y

ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES—Under the care of the SISTERS of the VISITATION, corner of Johnson and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. Terms per quarter (payable in advance), from $10 to $16, according to the advancement of the pupils.
The Foreign Languages, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, will form extra charges. For further information, application should be made at the Academy. j29 1y

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.
The annual session commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.
The pension for Board and Tuition, in the classical course is.....$150 00
The pension for Board and Tuition in the English and Commercial course is..... 125 00
French, Spanish, German and Drawing, each..... 20 00
Music..... 40 00
August 11, 1858. REV. P. REILLY, President.
j29 1y

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The stock contained in this establishment embraces every item appertaining to the CARPET TRADE, from the most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.
The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable Institutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods Packed and Shipped free of charge.
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NEWSPAPERS.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER!

PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1859.

The proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER is gratified at having it in his power to announce in his Prospectus for the new year—1859—that all the old popular and eminent writers of the LEDGER staff have been retained, and new ones added. Among the latter we are pleased to mention the name of the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to furnish a series of articles, to be continued during the entire year, under the title of "THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For these articles alone we have already paid Mr. Everett (for the benefit of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association) the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact, that its circulation is larger than that of any other ten literary papers in the country. Its great success is owing to the facts that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that no more than one serial novel shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its tales and sketches, have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached. We feel, and always have felt, since the LEDGER attained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.
As to the future, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to perform rather than to promise. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefrom judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the regular contributors to the LEDGER are:

GEO. D. PRENTICE,	FANNY FERN,
JOHN G. SAXE,	MRS. SIGOURNEY,
SYLVANUS COBB,	MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
EMERSON BENNETT,	ALICE CARY,
T. S. ARTHUR,	EMMA ALICE BROWNE,
WM. ROSS WALLACE,	SALLIE M. BRYAN,
CARLOS D. STUART,	MARY STANLEY GIBSON,
COL. W. B. DUNLAP,	ALICE NEVILLE,

and many eminent lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the LEDGER are now, and will constantly be, at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.
FACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed with. As our readers are already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to expend their force in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and instructive FAMILY PAPER in the World.
THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at $1 50 each (which is our lowest club rates), and sending us $12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance.
☞ The postage on the LEDGER to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only twenty-six cents a year. Canada subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price of the LEDGER, to pay the American postage.
☞ Subscribers must write their names, addresses, including the name of the place, county and State in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.
☞ No subscriptions are wanted from cities, large villages, or other places where news offices are permanently established.
☞ All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to ROBERT BONNER,
Proprietor of The New York Ledger,
No. 44 Ann street, New York.
N. B. The number of the LEDGER, dated Jan. 1, 1859, is a good one for subscriptions to date from, as in that number the "MOUNT VERNON PAPERS," by the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, were commenced. Mr. Everett's articles will be copyrighted, so as to prevent publication in any other paper. 12f

THE EMIGRANT AND THE EMIGRANT RUNNERS.
In the Next number of the
SUNDAY COURIER—February 13,
Will be published an interesting narative of the
PERILS AND VICISSITUDES OF THE EMIGRANT
On his Passage from the Old World to the New,
With a thorough EXPOSE of
THE TRICKS OF THE RUNNERS,
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PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Patented Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 28, 1856; Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858.
These tables are now well known to be the best in the world.
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Warerooms, No. 694 Broadway, New
PIANOS MADE TO ORDER
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FUENT
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THIRTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDA
for the superiority of their manufacture, e them at the different Fairs in this country a during the past thirty-five years.
Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail,
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for Parlors, Churches, Vestries and Lodges.
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12f 3t

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Collars, Under-Shirts and Drawers, Scarfs, Neck Ties, Stocks, Suspenders, Hosiery and Gloves, &c.
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Besides other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.
One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each $1,000 worth of books.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE MOST ECONOMICAL POWER EVER USED!
ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINE
Now prints the
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JOB PRINTING,
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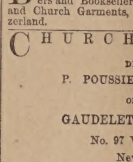

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+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

New York, Aug. 23, 1856.

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+ JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1856.

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+ JOHN, Bishop of Brooklyn.

+ ANDREW, Bishop of Little Rock.

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Feb. 22, 1857.

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+ IG., Bishop of Montreal.

Montreal, Feb. 27, 1857.

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I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to add my humble approbation to that already given the "St. John's Manual," by many Archbishops and Bishops of this country. * * * Among the many works of piety offered to the Catholic community, I have no hesitation in saying that "St. John's Manual" deserves an eminent rank.

+ MOD. DEMERS, Bishop of Vancouver's Island.

June, 1857.

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I highly approve of the "St. John's Manual," and recommend it to the Catholics of my Diocese, and all others of the United States.

+ RICHARD PIUS MILES, Bishop of Nashville.

Nashville, March 4, 1857.

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I already knew this excellent book from the unanimous commendation of our Catholic papers, but I must acknowledge I had no correct idea of its high merit and value.

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Receive my thanks of gratification, as a bishop, for your persevering endeavors to make yourself useful to our Holy Church.

+ AUG., Bishop of Natchitoches.

Nachitoches, March 3, 1857.

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"St. John's Manual" having been carefully examined by his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, I cannot but have every confidence in its perfect orthodoxy. The approbation which you ask of me can refer only to its utility. In this respect, I do but simple justice in awarding my praise to the judicious and pious discernment with which the author has compiled the many prayers and instructions condensed in this collection. May "St. John's Manual" find its way to every family; it will meet every want, and satisfy every desire as a book of devotion.

+ JOS., Bishop of Cydonia.

St. Hyacinthe, March 9, 1857.

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The approbation of the Most Archbishop of New York is, doubtless, sufficient to attest the usefulness and value of "St. John's Manual." Yet I cannot withhold my humble approbation, which I willingly add to that of the illustrious prelate.

+ AUGUSTINE M. AL., Bishop of Nesqualy.

Washington Territory, May 21, 1857.

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